The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

Aug. 15, 1925

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Fossilized Liberalism

WE sometimes think we are fighting for the truth when in reality we are only fighting against the irksome necessity of having to unsay what we have said before. We often think we are fighting for the truth when we are really fighting for our own vested interests in the truth; and I doubt if the most progressive mind among us is altogether exempt from the danger of acquiring vested interests in his own opinions, and thereby becoming inaccessible to new light. I suppose the same holds true of a progressive church. A fossilized orthodoxy is bad enough, but a fossilized liberalism is far worse.

L. P. Jacks, Unitarian Centenary, London.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 8, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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THE
Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 107th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVIII No. 33

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

GET READY FOR LABOR SUNDAY

UNUSUAL efforts are being made this year to have a general and useful observance of Labor Sunday. It falls on Sept. 6.

Next week we shall publish in full the annual Labor Day message of the Commission on Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, on "The Co-operative Spirit in Industry."

In this issue we publish suggestions about how to observe Labor Sunday prepared by James Myers, Industrial Secretary of the Commission.

The spirit of brotherhood can not spread far in the world until it is developed in industry. The mighty influence of the Christian Church is coming to be exerted more and more against both bargain and clash, through which thus far most industrial changes have been brought about. There is no sound foundation for any institution except that of the co-operation and good-will of all human agencies concerned in it.

The Church of Christ has a message. It must not be deterred by the short-sighted counsel of mistaken men to let such subjects alone.

Nor must it be swept into the morasses of conflict or partisanship.

"Speaking the precious truth in love" is the phrase which expresses the ideal for the minister on Labor Sunday and every other Sunday of the year.

* *

VICTIMS OF NATIONALISM

FROM the Ruhr, fifteen thousand Poles have been deported suddenly by Germany and dumped into the Silesian mining region, where there is industrial stagnation and lack of employment. Many of these Poles have lived so long in Germany that they have married German wives and have German-speaking children. All their interests are in the Ruhr. They are strangers in the land of their birth.

From Poland twenty or thirty thousand Germans have been expelled and sent back to Germany. Many of these, like the Poles in the Ruhr, have married wives in the land of their adoption who do not speak the language of the country to which they are going. These Germans are small farmers and tradespeople who have had to sacrifice their little properties for a pittance. They come back into a Germany where there is little work for them to do. Both Poles and Germans make the journey under distressing conditions of physical hardship and mental anxiety. They are herded together in filthy barracks at the frontier. Many families have to occupy a single room. They are jammed into freight cars for the journey. Several have died *en route.*

The offense of the Germans is that they voted, as they had a perfect right to vote, to retain the connection with Germany which they had before the war. The offense of the Poles is that they were Poles and had to be exiled in reprisal for the exile of the Germans.

Technically each country is acting within its legal rights. Actually they are committing grave moral wrongs.

These fifty thousand people are pitiable victims of race hatred and exaggerated nationalism.

* *

DEWICK OF LONDON AND CALCUTTA

THAT the world is full of big men, that there are many liberals outside the Liberal Church, that the work we believe in is going forward in many a field we know little about, are all impressed upon our minds when some big, broad, useful liberal shows up whom we have not known much about.

We have had in Boston recently E. C. Dewick, cousin of Frank A. Dewick of the National Laymen's Committee. Mr. E. C. Dewick for six years was president of St. Paul's College, Calcutta, one of the educational institutions of the Church of England. Like most Christian men of intelligence and vision in India, he soon reached the conclusion that Hinduism must not be regarded as an enemy but as an ally, and that the object of missionary work should be to co-operate with it rather than to destroy it. Though loyally supported by his bishop and by a strong part of the missionary society at home, he reached a point when he saw that contributions for the support of the work were being withheld by those who misunderstood his position or disagreed with it. He therefore resigned. Now he has become literary adviser and editor for all British Y. M. C. A. publications in India, a task of huge proportions and great importance.

He is spending a year at Oxford and London on Sanskrit and philosophy, and in contact with his predecessor, who has taken a chair of comparative

religion in an English university. Then he will go out to give years to the sublime task of creating understanding and good-will in the welter of race and religious hatreds called India. For his task he has fine equipment in a scholastic way, and an unusually penetrating intellect, but, even more important for India, he has faith in the Indian, in the future of his country, and in the ultimate destiny of the human race. He believes that it is worth while tackling even such a stupendous job at a time when odds seem heavy against success.

In the British Y. M. C. A. in India, Indians have been put in directing positions at the top. The control is Indian. This enables the "Y" in India to enlist for active service young, virile, Indian Nationalists, who would not come on other terms. It results, however, in mercantile firms which may have given ten or twenty thousand a year toward the work saying, "No money from me if you put the niggers on top."

It is encouraging to find that the Y. M. C. A. holds to its Christian ideals in a period of financial crisis.

It is also illuminating to discover that now, when tension between the white man and the Indian is worse than it ever has been before, the one group of whites which retains the confidence of the Indians is the missionary. "They make mistakes," say the Indians, "we don't agree with all the claims of their religion, but they are not here to make money out of us."

As Tagore put it: "The missionaries must not withdraw, for with them would go glimmering the last hope of friendship between the Indian and Englishman."

It is a great service in which men like Mr. Dewick have enlisted. On them we pin our faith in the final coming of the brotherhood of man.

* *

THE JOYOUS BROWN THRASHER

As far west as the Rockies, south to the Gulf, north to Montreal, we find the brown thrasher in his breeding season. In winter he goes south to Virginia.

Happy is the place a pair of these birds chooses to rear its brood, for the thrasher suggests happiness.

The old nursery rhyme expresses a basic truth about him:

> "There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;
> He is singing to me! He is singing to me!
> And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
> Oh, the world's running over with joy."

To be sure the thrasher is not a thrush. Instead, this bird, larger than a robin, is put by the wise bird men in the family with the wren, the catbird, and the mockingbird. Like them, he is a beautiful singer. People in the North, making the best of having no mockingbirds, say he is "as beautiful a singer as the mockingbird." And even fair-minded Southerners who claim the thrasher also, don't spend much time debating the proposition.

His red brown collar flashing in the sun at times so vividly that we call him a red bird, his sprightly ways, his willingness to be seen, his hopping, skipping, jumping, on the lawn, his joyous song, suggest happiness, and create it. He comes boldly up for the crumbs from the dog's plate. He spears the bit of fat or the grain of rice the puppy leaves. He finds the mites we put under the tree. He cheers us with an unexpected burst of music as we go around the ramble.

And what does he say, older girl, older boy? The world's running over with joy?

Why have we not found it out? Is it actually true that there is limitless joy? Could we have it if we discovered the laws of life and obeyed them like the thrasher? Perhaps he is one of the windows of God through which we can look at a Divine Reality we are in danger of missing.

* *

DR. JACKS ON THE CALL OF TRUTH

NEXT week we shall publish the notable address delivered at the Unitarian Centenary Celebration, London, on June 3, by L. P. Jacks, the distinguished editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, on "The Call of Truth."

A delicious vein of humor runs through it, lighting up its profound thought. It is an address in which our best minds will take great delight, and which those of us with even average gifts will greatly enjoy.

* *

ITALY AND BIRTH CONTROL

FOR many years Italy has had to send her excess population to other countries. This is due to the high birth rate, especially in southern Italy, to the density of her population and to her small land area. The people whom she gets rid of by emigration are generally illiterate, and racially the least desirable. She has been advised to deal with this subject by birth control instead of by making other countries a dumping ground. To this suggestion Senator Cippico of Italy took violent exception at the Williamstown Conference:

> "Some, forgetful of their own human dignity, have suggested, with cool impudence, recourse to the infamous remedies of Malthus. I know of no people, even decadent or barbarous, which would willingly accommodate itself to accepting the teachings of these apostles of infanticide."

This represents an attitude altogether too common. Without the slightest conception of the attitude of advocates of birth control, he hurls epithets at them. Birth control is both scientific and religious. It looks ahead. It induces a man and woman to ask if they are equipped and worthy to be the medium through which a child is invited to come into the world, if the coming of the child through them will afflict it with some weakness which will blight its life, if its coming will crowd the other children out before they are ready to face the world, if additional children will help to create a serious international problem.

It is a teaching of thoughtfulness, self-control, kindness.

Dr. Edward M. East of Harvard made a quick and sharp reply to the fiery Italian:

> "The world asks that Italy set her house in order, that instead of spawning children on the world with haphazard recklessness, when they can be given no fair chance for a life of happiness and usefulness, she re-

strict the families in accordance with opportunity. Our visitor should know when the world gives this neo-Malthusian advice that it is not speaking of infanticide. It is the advice of a benevolent family physician who does not want to see a great career ruined by fool-hardy indiscretion."

Dr. East declared that the swarming masses of southern Italy are like a cancerous tumor, neglected, criminal and feeble-minded, that other nations do not want these dregs from the bottom of the vat. He added, however, this noble tribute to the better Italian:

"We know Italy's greatness, her Galileos, her Leonardos, her Michael Angelos. Does she send us these even in humble imitations? She does not. Look over 'Who's Who in America' for Italian names. They are conspicuous by their absence. Look at the army intelligence test records. They are low, so unconscionably low that they are a reproach and a shame to Italy's greatness.

"I yield to none in my appreciation of Italian art, architecture, literature and science. Our culture here would be immensely improved if we could import and make our own some of the creative geniuses comparable to those who built so grandly in the Renaissance. Have we the slightest chance of obtaining them? Again I say 'No.' "

* *

THE UNITED STATES FAR BEHIND

FOLLOWING the publication of articles by Richard Washburn Child on "Crime" in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the newspapers of the United States aided in spreading broadcast the information which he presented. In truth, it jars us out of our self-complacency and gives us food for sober meditation. In spite of our being "the greatest," "the strongest," "the most efficient" nation on earth (of which we are positive, for orators on the Fourth of July have told us so), we stand about at the foot of the ladder in dealing with crime in, enforcing law and order, in safeguarding human life.

We have told ourselves that it was a phase of development of a new country, but Australia and Canada, both new countries, are far ahead of us, and we can't take refuge there.

Child used the city of Chicago as an illustration and showed that this one municipality has annually more murders and hold-ups than England and Wales together, and before the papers carrying the article making this assertion were distributed Chicago contributed another and perhaps the most dramatic hold-up of all, in which several men lost their lives. But the rest of the United States has no great reason to point the accusing finger at Chicago. We all are guilty. Our prisons are overflowing—in some places convicts are put to sleep in corridors and basements, never intended for dormitories. Courts are congested. Prosecuting officials and judges are overworked. Bills are running up, and what we get for our money is a place among the backward nations of the earth.

The average thoughtful American knows in his heart that this need not be so. He knows that we are not stupid and unskilful. And he is busy trying to analyze the thing and see a way out.

Some things are clear at first glance. Children should be taught respect for law and order—obedience themselves, then co-operation to insure obedience in others.

This is a man-sized job when we consider the number of fathers and mothers who have little respect for law and tell proudly or jokingly before their children how they have hoodwinked officers or evaded the law. Still no true teacher, preacher or citizen in general will throw up his hands over a job which needs to be done, because it is difficult. Back with the children lies one way out.

We have too many laws. The commissioner of motor vehicles for Massachusetts said the other day that no driver could be out on the road half an hour without violating a motor law—as we have so many of them. This commissioner, who is constantly in the public eye charging the police, attorneys and judges with failure to do their duty, seems to take it as a matter of course that we have to have so many laws that everybody who drives must be a law-breaker. We do not agree. It is unnecessary. It is stupid. It is tending to create a nation of law-breakers. A man who breaks one law, foolish though it may be, will find it easier to break another law not so foolish.

Mr. Child tells us that we have a grotesque system of convicting criminals. Five get away for every offender caught and convicted. In murder cases eighty get away for every twenty convicted—and ninety-nine escape the death penalty for every one executed. We permit delays, evasions, escapes, where England and France are short, sharp, stern but just.

There is another factor which has been regarded more or less as the child of "reformers," "idealists," "clergymen," but which is coming to be recognized now as so practical that we can't get anywhere without it. It is the new penology, the reformatory motive and method instead of the vindictive. Voices like some of the early Universalist preachers have been crying aloud for years that we can do little to cure or prevent crime until we stop grinding criminals through a punishment mill and turn them out more criminal than they were before.

In spite of the opposition of so-called "practical" wardens and keepers who see nothing beyond the bolt, the lock-step, the silence, of the old-fashioned prison, prisons have come into existence where the inmates are regarded as men and women, boys and girls, to be trained, educated, saved, cured, and sent back to society to become contributing members, or, if this is impossible, put away in institutions to be treated for an indefinite time.

It seems likely that our national pride will be touched in this matter by the revelations Mr. Child and others have made.

If we once get aroused, steer clear of panaceas, recognize that as there was no one way into our orgy of crime there will be no one way out, that it is a complicated question and must be attacked by our best men along many lines, there is no question but what we can make our country as law abiding as any.

A good place to start is the knowledge that in dealing with crime we are far behind the rest of the civilized world.

Cruising Cross Country

XXX The End of the Journey

John van Schaick, Jr.

ALL night we were running down the mountains from Lake Louise and Banff, for a time sitting out and watching them in the moonlight, getting all the fascinating, mysterious effects possible in such scenery at night. Then while we slept we began the long journey back east over the prairies. At seven in the morning we were at Medicine Hat, Alberta, having passed six hours before Calgary, one of the live cities of the Northwest, which I should have been glad to see. Medicine Hat has the reputation of being the coldest town in North America. Our dusky porters exchanged grim reminiscences as we stood on the platform of how it felt to stand out there when it was sixty or eighty degrees below zero. And yet it is also the place which Rudyard Kipling called "lucky, with all hell for its basement," the allusion being to the apparently unlimited supplies of natural gas which underlie the town. We breakfasted as we were leaving Medicine Hat, lunched passing through Swift Current, and dined after remaking the train at Moose Jaw—quite a day in our lives. That day we crossed about half of Saskatchewan, and as night closed down we had left the main line of the Canadian Pacific and were headed straight down toward the International Boundary. We reached this at Portal about eleven o'clock at night.

Moose Jaw is a contraction of an Indian word meaning the "creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the cart-with-the-moose-jaw-bone." Archbishop Trench, who has written so ably on "The Study of Words," would have found illustration here for one of his favorite themes, "History in Words." Moose Jaw takes us back to pioneer days, and gives us one vivid glimpse of the struggles and victories of the men who first settled the country.

We passed the customs safely without being searched for liquor, feeling quite proud of ourselves.

The next morning we were in Dakota on the Soo Line, first traversing a new region of few trees, poor buildings, little land under cultivation, then a marvelously rich grain belt, and finally, as we approached Minnesota, not only grain but diversified farming. Here were the large farm buildings, the beautiful grounds, the evidences of greater prosperity. Up near the Canada line on the new lands, we were told that they had been successful in the raising of flax. In the grain belt, fruit trees were being set out. In the prosperous region of diversified farming in western Minnesota every little town seemed to have its creamery. Grain elevators also were characteristic things about every station. In Minnesota almost every town seemed to have its lake resorts. They advertised "superb black bass fishing." And many of these lovely lakes bordered by trees were visible from the train.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, I have a brother, the oldest of the family, the one who first left the old home, and "went West" to seek his fortune. He found it—that is, a living, work he likes, and finally, after years of being a bachelor, a good wife. Wealth with its cares is a humbug in comparison with these.

All day in Dakota and Minnesota we had been picking up hundreds of Norwegians going to the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the coming of the first Norwegian settlers to this country. The railroad stupidly failed to provide for the crowd. For the first time in the entire circuit of the country we were delayed. However, when we rolled into Minneapolis, three hours late, my brother was waiting to board the train and ride with us to St. Paul. It was a night of gloom in St. Paul. Tommy Gibbons, their favorite boxer, a clean, scientific, popular fellow, had been knocked out by some lusty young giant. People who never had seen "Tommy," but who knew him from the newspapers, apparently felt as if a misfortune had happened to them personally. "The crowds melted," said Charlie. "People hung their heads and slunk home." Thus do we live with our brain children.

Up the Mississippi, toward Minneapolis which we had just left, the taxicab whirled us from the St. Paul station, past the Capital, past the Cathedral, alone the boulevard and finally through quiet streets shaded by many trees to the little apartment with play space all around it where my brother lives.

It was the first time I had visited him in his own home. It was the first time I had seen little Peggy, four years old, a bright, alert little thing to whom we took at once. To let us in they moved out on the porch, but nobody seemed crowded. From the cold of Lake Louise we had run into the fiercest June heat wave the country ever experienced, but there was a life-giving breeze. We were with "the kin," as they say down South. The dear familiar home pictures were all about us. We could not feel strange. A dog had arrived that night, signifying his intention of staying, and they let him stay, as he was lost. He loyally assisted in doing the honors and bidding us welcome.

The people in the flat upstairs came down to say that their Dodge car was at our service. The people next door came over to offer our sister-in-law extra things she needed. We were experiencing the unbounded hospitality and kindness of the great Northwest. There was none of the coldness of the city we so often read about, where the man next door may die without our ever knowing his name.

My brother's business, our Universalist churches, a visit and a rest were what we had in mind for the Twin Cities. It was too hot for formal sightseeing, but the upstairs neighbor took us for a beautiful drive through the parks, along the deep gorge of the mighty river, and to see the new Ford plant, an object of interest everywhere.

My brother is with R. G. Dun's Mercantile Agency. From George R. Dane, the manager, I got a good idea of political and business conditions of the Northwest. Mr. Dane, so far as business is concerned, may be described as an optimist who does not believe in "plunging." He says that the farmer is emerging from the ills of post-war readjustment.

The St. Paul church was closed for the summer, the minister, the Rev. H. E. Nelson, had "married and moved," but Mr. and Mrs. Towles gave me a good idea of the situation.

The neighborhood about the church has changed, the difficulties facing it are many, but the position Dr. Shutter, Bishop of the Twin Cities, takes is that there is an important work for it to do and that it must "carry on."

We saved Sunday for Minneapolis. It was hard to be in two places at once, but by going over early I was able to visit the Rev. John M. Foglesong, in his study at Tuttle Memorial Church, and address the Sunday school. Then in a fast taxi I reached the Church of the Redeemer in time to attend the Children's Day exercises and add my word there also.

When I arrived at the Tuttle Church I thought nobody was about. I wandered around looking at the memorials and studying the portrait of Dr. Tuttle. Years ago I met him in New York. I was the young assistant. He was the retired veteran, almost at the end of life. We had only a few words after service at the Church of the Divine Paternity, but, paralyzed as he was, he left a vivid impression of the unfailing kindness which permeated his strength and made him such an influence in the Northwest. A New York State farmer boy, deeply religious, he thought his way through to a faith in the limitless goodness of God, and joined the Universalists. He served churches at Little Falls, Fulton and Rochester, N. Y., and at Chicago. He went to Minneapolis in 1866, when it was a little village. The Universalist church had been organized only two years before. For twenty-five years he was single-handed, and then induced Marion D. Shutter, a young Baptist who had thought himself out of Orthodoxy, to join him as associate. Some of these things came back to me as I wandered about the Tuttle Memorial Church. That building itself was a monument. After he had retired he took the pastorate of this little struggling society, gathered a strong congregation, raised the money, built the church, and secured the Rev. John Murray Atwood as pastor. He was always strong for extending the faith so dear to him.

Soon I heard the Rev. John M. Foglesong stirring about his study—he had been there all the while—and joined him. He radiated quiet confidence. He talked modestly but he talked success. He gets congregations. His church is organized and working. It was a real pleasure to meet his people as they came, to talk with the older ones about Dr. Le Grand Powers of Washington, once their pastor, of Atwood, and of Dr. Tuttle. It was the seventh of June, people had begun to go to their camps on the lakes, but the impression made upon me by the Sunday school was of efficiency and power.

Foglesong, on his calendar, gave his people this thought to take with them on vacation:

"We are done with little thinking, we are done with little deeds;
We are done with petty conduct and we're done with narrow creeds.
We have grown to men and women and we've noble work to do,
And to-day we are a people with a larger point of view.
We must quit our little circles where we've moved in little ways,
And work as men and women for the bigger, better days.
We must quit our selfish thinking and our narrow views and creeds,
And as people big and splendid we must do the bigger deeds."

My taxi came back for me on the minute. Through densely shaded streets, past magnificent homes, past less magnificent but comfortable detached houses surrounded by bushes and flowers, past business streets and streets which business was just invading, we dashed to the Church of the Redeemer. Far down the street I saw the beautiful tall spire that stood unscathed when the church was burned in 1888. Over sixty years this society has been in existence. Its first chairman of the board became the first mayor of Minneapolis. All along the way its men and women have exerted a commanding influence on local, state and national affairs. Dr. Shutter was in the hospital. Ellsworth C. Reamon, assistant pastor, welcomed me. It was church school day, and we all enjoyed the services. The young assistant rising so nobly to great responsibilities, the impressive responses and prayer, the choir, the graduating exercises, the pageant, "This Youth," the baptism of the children—all combined to make a deep impression. Reamon showed both poise and power. Mrs. Frank C. Todd put the pageant on well. Charles B. Beery, to the surprise of all of us who used to know him in Y. P. C. U. devotional meetings, made one of the best stage devils we have seen. Mr. Roberts, so long president of the Universalist General Convention, the Rev. R. H. Aldrich, Dr. Shutter's efficient helper, Miss Ethel M. Hughes, who, at Unity House, their settlement, at the church and as Dr. Shutter's secretary, is such a noble influence—all did the honors after service.

Finally we broke away and Miss Hughes ran me to the hospital. The congregation had not been allowed yet to see Dr. Shutter, but he was much better and I was permitted to go in. There he was flat on his back. He had been floored for eight weeks and his life endangered by so insignificant a cause as a tooth. But he was over the worst of it. Mrs. Shutter was with him and we had a happy ten minutes.

The love of his people, the outpouring of sympathy from the community already described in the *Universalist Leader*, the coming of the mayor to the hospital, the messages of the clergy of all shades of belief, had moved him deeply. Though his voice broke as he spoke of some things, his wit flashed as always.

Since that interview I have had occasion in connection with other duties to look up Dr. Shutter's work. He has done yeoman service. He has served the Church of the Redeemer over thirty-nine years, exerting a wide influence all through Minneapolis and the country around. He has written seven or eight books. He has been president of the Universalist General Convention for two terms, and for many years of the Board of Trustees. But what interests me just now in the light of the evolution controversy is his "Applied Evolution," published twenty-five years ago. These are the opening words:

It is related, we know not with how much truth, that a certain Brahmin once shivered a microscope to

pieces, because it revealed the fact that every drop of water contained innumerable minute insects; thus showing that the commandments of his religion, which forbade the destruction of living creatures, were broken whenever any one took a draught of water, and must inevitably be broken unless men were to perish of thirst. So long as that microscope remained, the Brahmin argued, his religion was insecure. Whether the story of the Hindu be correct or not, the illustration will serve. Very similar is the panic of superstition everywhere at the advance of scientific discovery. Many have felt that the Christian religion was not safe in the presence of the astronomer's telescope and the geologist's pick and hammer.

This fear, however, has largely passed, or is passing. We are beginning to see that the long battle between Science and Religion was, to a certain extent, upon both sides a mistake. Says Savage: "Between a knowledge of the laws of God, which is science, and a reverent and loving obedience to the laws of God, which is religion, it seems simply and only absurd to suppose the possibility of any conflict."

But we can go farther than this: not only is there no real conflict, when we come to understand the subject, but religion, or religious thought, so far from suffering disaster at the hands of science, has been the actual gainer. Religious thought has been helped by its once seeming foe. It has lost nothing but some unscientific notions that were long, but erroneously, supposed to belong to religion. It is better without them. It stands upon solider footing. It can make stronger appeal to the human intellect.

Nearly all of us in the Universalist Church have talked about the battle between science and religion as "ended." We have assumed that the majority of people understood clearly that there can be no conflict between one part of revelation and another part. To some extent we were mistaken. People do not understand. And yet I feel sure that this Bryan movement is more or less of a flareback.

Dr. Shutter made an important contribution by his lectures on this subject in the Church of the Redeemer and by the book.

. . . . . .

And now we come to the close of this Cruise Cross Country. That night we caught the "Mountaineer" for Chicago. Half a day we had there for the Art Gallery, the Charles L. Hutchinson collection, and for a drive and luncheon with dear friends who made the Cruise with us around the world. A night on the B. & O., a day in Washington for a wedding, another night on the familiar old Federal Express, and we were back in Boston—not altogether rested by a vacation, but inspired and illuminated by contacts with all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of our country and across the friendly border to the north.

The Presence

Joseph Fort Newton

"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" Luke 24 : 32.

IF the Bible were about to be destroyed, and we could save only one flying leaf, what page would it be? Each of us would try to snatch from the flames many a precious passage, scenes as familiar and holy as the home in which we were born, dear and blessed words that have in them the music of eternity and the echo of voices long hushed. It would be hard to select from among the great psalms—the twenty-third with its melody of faith like the Christmas shepherds, the fifty-first with its final candor of sin confessed, the one hundred and thirty-ninth celebrating the everywhereness of God. How could we part with the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, the story of the nativity, the Sermon on the Mount, and the great parables? What a host of hands would try to rescue the fourteenth chapter of St. John, to which millions have turned in hours of loneliness or heart-break, and found help for to-day and hope for the morrow.

But, honestly, if I could have just one page of the Bible, and only one, much as I should mourn my loss, I would keep the story of the walk to Emmaus. No other scene in the book of vision, whose leaves are for the healing of human hearts, is so perfect an example of that naturalization of the unseen which is the goal of religious insight and experience. It has a restraint, a dignity, a delicacy, and withal an unutterable grace, which give it every mark of authenticity, uniting the authority of beauty and the vividness of spiritual reality. Its human color and its awful yet tender disclosure blend as naturally as the earth and the sky on the horizon. It never fails me. Weary, dejected, or beshadowed, I have only to turn to that page and there is a human accent, as of a friend standing near. The words thrill me. A radiant personality touches me. Ages of doubt and cruelty may lie between, but the light shines and there are footsteps by my side. There the great religious ideals become real; there theology melts into fellowship.

Of all pages of the Bible none is more profoundly satisfying, none more luminously revealing. It is an epitome of Christian history and experience, in which the very genius of our faith finds focus. No theism, as such, meets our need. Philosophy is ice; religion is fire. Something deep in me approves the proposal to write underneath every painting of the crucifixion the one word —*Adequate;* and when to the cross we join the pilgrim Presence on the road to Emmaus, for me it "unlocks the gates of significance and sets free the fountains of strength." It is enough: I know that behind the dark tragedy of life there is a great tenderness, in its deepest shadow a brooding love, in its else bewildering enigma a divine meaning to which all facts contribute. The road toward the sunset is no longer lonely and forsaken; and at the end there is not a black silence, but a sacrament—the bread of blessing broken by a hand broken for me.

Hence the center of my thought to-day, as always, is the figure standing at the cottage door at Emmaus, in the falling daylight, making as though he would go further. One thing is certain: the living Christ and his continuing ministry in the lives of men created Christianity, and nothing else can keep it alive. Not his teachings, not his works of mercy,

but he himself is the soul of our faith—his personality its revelation, his character its verification, his presence its inspiration. Not to his personal charm or his social idealism, but to his victory over death and his sway over the lives of men from the Unseen, must we trace the renascence of wonder, the heroic and glad enthusiasm, the new and haunting kind of goodness which marked the morning years of the church. No ideal, no vague and lovely memory, can explain an experience so profound, a power so creative of the highest values, an influence so redeeming in the life of man.

I

The scene on the road to Emmaus is not a bit of ancient history; it is a picture of an abiding reality. The pilgrim Christ is an eternal contemporary of humanity, and the record of his faith is the story of his journey adown the centuries; a commentary on the words, "And he appeared unto them in another form." In every age he has made his advent, revealing himself where the struggle for justice is fiercest, where human need is most piteous, where the tragedy of life is sharpest; only, alas, he is not recognized, and men do not know who is leading them until he is leaving them—to continue his great errand in the world. Like the disciples of old we would fain dwell in a cottage and keep Christ with us; but that can not be. He will abide with us long enough to interpret the scroll of prophecy and bless our bread of fellowship, but if we would abide with him we must be pilgrims too, following where no path is, save that made by his feet. Evermore the wind is on the heath, and the great adventurer beckons a laggard church to follow him in our new, clever, critical, agitated, erotic, wistful and hurrying age.

To-day, as at Emmaus, he is with us as the great Companion in a day of appalling spiritual loneliness, in the wake of a tragedy which has left us sad, dejected, and unhopeful. Never were human bodies so jostled; never were human souls so much alone. The poignant need of the human heart to-day, as each of us can testify, is for a friend stronger than man, more tender than woman, and more intimate than either, whom time does not change nor death take away. At times, in rare moments, the sea which washes between soul and soul—"unplumbed, salt, estranging"—rolls away, and we meet spirit with spirit; but only for a brief time, so profound is our isolation. In every life there are hours when those nearest to us seem strange and far off, hours of temptation, of depression, of misgiving, when no human hand can help. Somehow, in a way known to no other, Jesus can enter, the doors being shut—a dear familiar friend—into the innermost chamber of our hearts. It is true; some of us know it as we know nothing else!

Such a fellowship is especially needed in a day when we see that the purpose of life is the development of personality, and yet the tendency of thought is toward the impersonal. The ideas of God set forth in recent philosophy leave us wondering whether He is more than personal, or less. For years, while the mind has been struggling with the difficulties of divine personality, the heart has suffered a sad loss of rich, warm, vivid fellowship with God. Faith fades, prayer dies on our lips, religion falls to a lower octave in the presence of the impersonal, in a universe which has become so vast that every man by himself is lonely in it. Here, no doubt, is the explanation of the Christward tendency in poetry, drama, and fiction, so remarkable in the last twenty years. Here, too, lies the secret of the rediscovery of Jesus in recent scholarship, leading us through the Jesus of history to the mind of Christ—the one satisfying revelation. It is an awakening, in response to a deep need, of what Goodwin called "the instinct for Christ," a passionate yearning for a vivid sense of the personalness of God. Happy are they who know, as all may learn in the fellowship of Jesus, if they be humble and obedient of heart, the truth of the lines:

"Whatever way my life decline,
I felt, I feel though left alone,
Thy being working in my own,
The footsteps of thy life in mine."

II

Nay, more, Christ is with us to-day, as on the road to Emmaus, as the one adequate interpreter of an otherwise ambiguous and unintelligible universe—its walls pushed back into infinity, its depths an abysm no mortal can fathom. The pastor of the Pilgrim fathers urged his flock, at parting from them, to expect further light to break forth from the word of God. In our day the word of God written in nature has been read in a way to dazzle and appal, revealing new light of truth and new shadows of mystery. It is a stupendous scene which science unveils—a universe vast, orderly, unfolding—now luminous and lovely, now dark and terrible, in which man seems as insignificant as a mote floating on the evening air, and as fleeting. What wonder that reflective minds are troubled about the value of life and the validity of its highest ideals! Their concern is not whether they are sinners, but whether there is anything or anybody in the universe who cares enough about us to even frown upon our sins.

The number of wistful worshipers at the altar of the unknown God in our day is very great. Many of them remain in the church, as the thing to do, carrying on by the momentum of memory and habit; but they are sorely perplexed about the meaning of life. The Russians feel more acutely than we do, perhaps—as the stories of Tchekhov reveal—the agony of life without God. Ideas become deceptive, ideals a mirage, work unmeaning monotony, and life a tedious tale ending in ennui, futility, and the fatigue of despair. Devices of escape are many. Some take refuge in music, others in revolt, others in daring speculative thinking, others in giddy-paced pleasure, and others in realistic novels, acrid and unhappy—the sternest, darkest and most pathetic of tales. In less degree the same mood is felt among us, deepened by the war and the ultimate issues evoked by its horror, as well as by the ever-present mystery of sorrow and suffering, tragedy and death, and the tedium of secular things. Such is the poignant need of the sure word of faith which Jesus brings us, alike by his life and his vision.

Now, consider. Out of the fathomless depths of the universe, amid a clash of forces we may not reckon, in the fulness of time there emerged the life, per-

sonality and character of Christ. He was neither alien nor exotic. He was one of us, growing up out of the heart of humanity, a babe, a boy, a man, browned by the sun, wet by the rain. Three swift and vivid years he taught, and was put to death; but he still lives, of all world-powers making for the higher life the most potent and persuasive. What must the heart of the universe be out of whose bosom was born that shining figure of heroic moral loveliness! Years ago Meredith asked:

"Into the depth that gave the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall?"

Surely not. Still less should we be terrified by dark thoughts of fatality, or blind fears we know not nor can name, in a universe out of which arose that life of love and pity and joy, revealing what God is and what man was meant to be.

Mid-way in history he appeared, a man among men, living in purity, power and poise, walking in liberty by the law of love, faithful and friendly, facing the worst and finding the best, as if to show us, historically, the meaning of life, and, prophetically, the goal toward which the whole process of life is moving. His advent marked a new era, dividing time into before and after—like the emergence of personality out of animality; not another man but another kind of man. In him life passed from selfishness to otherness, and love came to perfect flower, with the result that his personality has acted thereafter as an elemental, transforming energy in the life of man. Like moral radium, in contact with him men of all ages, types, races and ranks have found that they are set free from inner dualism, and made masters of life and death by the moral power that is in him. Here is the reality, attested by ages of experience, in heroic love, in holy character, in human service, upon which our faith rests, to expound which some contrive theologies and others sing anthems. As Markham put it in a quatrain he sent me recently:

"Here is the Truth in a little creed,
Enough for all the roads we go:
In Love is all the law we need,
In Christ the only God we know."

No wonder our hearts burn within us along the way with such a pilgrim to keep us company, in whom the mighty aspirations of the heart find answer. Christ is the Yes of God to all the eager, aching, wistful yearnings of humanity, the token of our hope, the evidence of our faith. In him love finds fulfilment, and becomes the prophet of unknown revelations. Our lonely longings, our dim intuitions, our vague mysticisms—even our dark superstitions—become radiant at his touch. There is that in him which takes the stain of sin away, and heals the deep hurt of death, as singing centuries testify. His words—so bright with color—have strange cadences in them, and far-sounding melodies, evoking old, half-forgotten memories of the soul and echoes of ineffable things. Here is one who knows the restless human heart and its mysteries; and about him are gathered, as he predicted, the weary and heavy-laden whom life has defeated, those who have culture without faith and knowledge without hope—the sick of soul, the palsied of will, and those who have learned the failure of success—seeking, as of old, the forgiving word, the healing hand, which makes them know that they may still hope, for the impossible is true!

III

There are three stages in the experience of Christ, and they are not unlike the three great periods of Christian history. In youth we are ardent rationalists, lovers of logic, eager to measure the mystery of Christ with the tape-line of reason. Theology is thrilling, its majestic conceptions fascinate us. It is like the five formative centuries, in which the issues of faith were fought out and thought through in a fashion hardly equaled since. Then it dawns upon us that a man may believe all the creeds and not be a Christian; may believe in the resurrection of the body and yet be dead of soul. Slowly, through the teaching of sorrow and the deepening of life, we are drawn into the mystic way, urged by something hitherto unknown in our nature. In company with the shining ones we follow an inward path, finding new wonders in the fellowship of Christ. It is like the Middle Ages over whose long still years there hung a nimbus of romance, and out of whose broodings there grew personalities fragrant with a wondrous aspect: a Francis preaching to the birds, an a-Kempis "in a little nook with a little book." It was the poetry of faith, and it brought a bit of heaven to earth.

At last, by a process untraceable, one comes to find the highest wisdom, the deepest joy, the sum of the duty and discipline of life, and the ideal of its dedication, in the words: "Follow me." Ever the reason toils to fathom the revelation of God in Christ. Ever the mystic quest goes on. But life becomes simpler, more real and rewarding, at once easier and harder, more complex in its demands yet more compelling in its persuasions, as we seek to make the will of Christ our own. It is like the practical, realistic, fact-loving, social age in which we live to-day; and as the ages agone found in Christ satisfaction for their needs—finding him where he found them—so our age will find in "the Son of Fact" the supreme realist it seeks. Alike to mystic, rationalist and ritualist comes the challenge, "If any man will do the will of God he shall know of the teaching." And the refrain echoes in every heart: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?" For such an adventure we need all inspiration—mystical communion, lofty worship, noble thought—but these must issue and bear fruit in the union of those who love in the service of those who need.

Once more, as at Emmaus on a sacramental eventide, the living Christ makes as though he would go further; and in that adventure lies the way out of the muddle into which the world has wandered. No timid, tepid Christianity is equal to the demands of our age. Old issues are dead, old sectarianisms are obsolete. It is a new world in which we live, with new insights, new outlooks, and we need an altogether other dimension of faith, more magnanimous, more heroic: the higher unity of things which differ, and "the eye of a fresh mind upon our tangled time." There must be a greater faith, in which the vision of the mystic and the skill of the scientist shall unite in a new synthesis of insight and endeavor. Science gives

us facts and laws. Christ gives us meanings and values. These two must work together in a fraternity of fact and faith, love and law, if we are to have a triumphant life. One panacea after another has been tried and found wanting. Something deeper, more daring, more creative and comprehensive, is needed. Let us give ourselves to it, following him who is the Life that interprets life, until the day is ended,

"And without a screen at last is seen
The Presence in which we have always been."

Half a life ago Solovyof, a Russian seer, wrote an apocalypse in which he forecast the final battle between materialism and spirituality—the ultimate issue of history. Slowly, in his vision, the world divides into two fundamentally hostile camps, on one side Christ, on the other anti-Christ. A final effort is made to compromise, as in the days of Constantine, but, fortunately, it fails. A dire crisis ensues, a desperate battle shakes the world; and in the depth of that dark night the church, so long divided into sects, is welded into one fellowship. In the end the hordes of anti-Christ are overwhelmed at Armageddon; but not until Jew and Gentile are found fighting side by side, defending the eternal mysticism by which man lives, singing "the song of Moses and the Lamb!" Is it a fancy or a prophecy of the things that lie ahead?

"Shakespeare is dead, and will not come
To question from his Avon tomb,
And Socrates and Shelley keep
An Attic and Italian sleep.

"They will not see us, nor again
Shall indignation light the brain
Where Lincoln on his woodland height
Tells out the spring and winter night.

"They see not. But, O Christians, who
Throng Holborn and Fifth Avenue,
May you not meet, in spite of death,
A traveler from Nazareth?"

—*From the Christian Century.*

Some Facts We Ought to Know—II

THE suit of L. H. Wittner, a government clerk, against disbursing officers of the District of Columbia to stop payment of salaries to Dr. Frank W. Ballou, Superintendent of Schools, and W. P. Hay, head of the Department of Biology, resulted in the filing of a brief which employed against the fundamentalist the argument *reductio ad absurdum.*

The case was dismissed on the legal technicality that the plaintiff had no right to bring it, being unable to show material personal interest in the matter.

It is clear that the case was not begun in good faith. Mr. Wittner is not a religious man. But he has rendered a service in showing us where the fight against evolution logically leads.

The suit was made possible because the last appropriation bill Congress passed for the District contained this clause: "Provided that no part of this sum shall be available for the payment of the salary of any teacher who teaches partisan politics, disrespect of the Holy Bible or that ours is an inferior form of government."

"We believe there is no question about the justice of this suit," said B. H. Dolby of counsel for Wittner. "The word 'disrespect' is definitely defined in Webster's dictionary, and the matter taught in the public schools of the District of Columbia plainly comes within the definition.

"Thousands of our people have been taught that the Holy Bible is literally true, word for word. Is it not disrespect to say that the Bible is a fairy tale which is to be interpreted symbolically?"

To fortify their suit Wittner, who appears as a taxpayer, and Dolby cited eleven instances of alleged "disrespect" for the Bible, these citations covering matter taught in Washington schools and set forth in the suit as follows:

1. That man, apes and monkeys belong to the same family and that all plants and animals come from a common ancestor, single-celled protoplasmic organism, whereas the Bible teaches that God made man especially in a single day out of the dust of the earth in His own image, created a living soul by breathing the breath of life into the nostrils of His creation, and that He made woman from the ribs of man.

2. That after death the organic elements of which the living body is composed disintegrate and decompose, so that they can not be reassembled to make a long-dead human live again, whereas the Bible teaches that the bodies of each human being that ever existed or will exist will be resurrected alive on Judgment Day.

3. That man evolved from ape-like ancestors and still is evolving, whereas the Bible teaches that man was made perfect in the physical image of God and later fell because Eve, wife of the first man, disobeyed a specific command of the Divinity.

4. That man evolved from ape-like ancestors, whereas the Bible teaches that "the sons of God" married the daughters of men and that they had children, thus providing divine, supernatural blood of God in the veins of men.

5. That a supply of blood is essential to keep the human body alive, which, the petition declares, is not in accord with certain Biblical statements.

6. That one elemental matter can not be changed into another elemental matter, and that something can not be made out of nothing, whereas the Bible teaches that God changed dust into man and made the whole earth out of nothing.

7. That the rainbow is a natural reflection and refraction of light rays on water in the clouds, whereas the Bible teaches that God placed a rainbow in the sky as a reminder of his promise to Noah that he never would destroy life again with a flood, and that every rainbow is placed in the sky specifically by God to remind himself of that promise.

8. That it is impossible for a living body to overcome the influence of gravity of the earth sufficiently

to ascend beyond the limit of vision, whereas the Bible teaches that Elijah ascended to heaven, while still alive, in a whirlwind, and that the dead shall be bodily resurrected and ascend bodily into heaven on Judgment Day.

9. That life has existed on the earth for millions of years, whereas the Bible teaches that the earth was created out of nothing less than 6,000 years ago.

10. That the sun is the center of the solar system, that the earth is round, that many stars are vast suns and that the earth revolves around the sun once a year. Whereas the Bible teaches that the earth is the center of the universe, that the sun, moon and stars were set in the sky to provide light for the earth, that the sun, moon and stars go around the earth every twenty-four hours, that the earth is flat and on a foundation, and that the sun and moon stood still for a whole day at the command of Joshua.

11. That language and speech are gradual outgrowths of thought brought about by the evolution of man, whereas the Bible teaches that the whole earth had one language and speech until man decided to build a tower that would reach to heaven, and that God, to circumvent the plan, suddenly confounded the speech of the builders so that they could not understand each other.

The Wittner suit surprised Washington lawyers. It was the first realization that Congress had passed a law even capable of being construed as an anti-evolution statute.

Taking the Profit Out of War

George F. Milton

MANY feel that one of the chief causes of war is profit—the money made by a certain highly vocal minority of citizens who sell war supplies to governments in combat. The charge is frequently brought that nations are propagandized into war by the endeavors and influence of would-be profiteers.

War is an agency for accomplishing national results. Sometimes it is forced on a government by causes beyond its control—defensive wars. Sometimes governments employ the mailed fist because of the anger and vehement feeling of their citizens. Sometimes they fight because of non-existent negotiatory machinery, as in July, 1914. Hate vies with profit as a cause for combat. Nations need to subdue the hatreds of their citizens as well as to take the profit out of war.

There have been many suggestions as to modes of accomplishing this last. "Draft dollars as well as men; conscript wealth in war," is an attractive phrase. Why, indeed, should men risk their lives, without their wish or will, under a universal draft act, without money being conscripted for patriotic service? No nation can afford a war for the benefit of its profiteers, even if that is merely incidental. The flower of youth of the army must not be sent to the cannon's mouth for decimation by shell fragments, mustard gas, and hand grenades, while at home wealth waxes fat on the nation's needs in its hour of peril.

"Drafting dollars in war" is an appealing thought. There are many appealing thoughts. Peace is one. Honor is another. Justice is a third. But they remain in the limbo of sterile dreams unless practical application is given to them—unless a definitive formula is constructed for putting them into effect. Can the profit be removed from war? There have been a number of plans drafted for achieving this result. One of the most promising of them was in use and demonstrated its practical efficiency in the last few months of the World War. It was the work of the War Industries Board, of which Mr. Bernard M. Baruch was chairman.

The activities of this G. H. Q. of industry were directed toward the utilization of the nation's productive energy for winning the war. For this, both the stabilization of prices and the elimination of excess profits from war work were essential. It was a big hour. The industries board began its work at the peak of high prices. Through 1915 and 1916 the nations of Europe had been using our workshops as adjuncts to their own. They had inflated prices. When we went into war our prices were at a peak. We brought them down.

Since the armistice Mr. Baruch has devoted a great dea of thought to the problem of taking the profit out of war. He believes that it can be done. Each year he delivers an address to the Army War College, in which he outlines a general civilian industrial control organization which he thinks is needed to supply our army and navy in war.

At the outset it may be explained that the catch phrase "conscript wealth" is misleading. It sounds as if it meant a capital levy, just as the draft act of the last war meant the conscription of man-power. A capital levy *per se* would perhaps dislocate the economic fabric of the nation much more severely than it would aid the nation's treasury in its task of financing the combat. What is proposed is not a capital levy, but the elimination of war profit, quite a different thing, and yet quite likely to attain the same object.

Profits would be limited by "freezing" costs. Some industrial control commission would come into being and into power with the initiation of a war. This commission would fix the prices of sale of materials. To use a technical phrase, prices would be frozen as of Day D. If we went to war, let us say, on June 1, 1925, the industrial commission could decree that general commodity prices would remain in force as of, let us say, April 15, before any war hysteria had inflated them.

Thereafter, only prices which were set and controlled by the commission would be allowed to be charged by the various essential industries. Recalcitrant manufacturers or merchants would be dealt with through the potent weapons of priorities of transportation and of finance. This occurred in many instances in the last months of the World War.

Mr. Baruch in his lecture to the Army War College this January, explained his thesis thus:

"At the outbreak of war the industrial strategy board should immediately establish what class of men are to be used in the military draft—miners, farmers, mechanics, or engineers might be excluded. The essentiality of businesses should be determined and be given to the draft boards. Your price-fixing committee, materials or commodity committee and other committees should be planned in advance. These are entirely different from your commodity committees within the army organization itself. All the things the United States needed in case of war could not be obtained within our own boundaries, and we should plan to use the things needed by other countries as a means of getting the things we require but do not produce for the maintenance of our people and the conduct of a war.

"The world could not get along without the agricultural productions and the raw materials of the United States. One of the important things that we did was to plan, in conjunction with the War Trade Board, which was the blockade committee in America, the withholding from certain countries of certain materials especially necessary to them, in order that we might get a fair share at a fair price of the things we needed, and that was a very important thing in the final trade that resulted in our getting the government of Chile to give to us all of the nitrate which we needed at a fair price. Substitutes will have to be found, production stimulated by priority of men, money, transportation and materials; not only have a priority of men—it isn't any use having priority of men unless you have priority of transportation—draft the things they need, draft the money to make the things they need. A curtailment will have to be enforced by the same methods.

"There is another thing we learned in the war and which the Germans learned through severe experience. The Germans expressed the greatest admiration for this industrial mobilization when von Hindenburg said, 'Her (America's) brilliant, if pitiless, war industry had entered the service of patriotism, and had not failed it. . . . They understood war.' I think there was nothing the Germans envied so much—or could not understand—as the fact that the American could become the great advocate of war and place himself so unreservedly behind his military force. The lesson is that the people will not submit to a military control or direction of their resources any more than they will submit to civilians controlling their military affairs. You know how you would resent it—and very properly—and what an awful mess there would be, if we had political or civilian interference in the control and appointment of officers and the movement of troops and the making of campaigns. They will submit cheerfully to the use of their man and material power, but they want to be certain that these are not being taken unncessarily or unwisely allocated. Therefore, it is necessary to have this War Industries Board as outlined in my previous lectures. Then the plan you have outlined for the army will be practicable. *Without such a board or such a plan, the plans of the army will not suffice.*

"Unless an industrial strategy board is established there will be even greater confusion at the beginning of another war than there was when the World War opened. This will be due to the fact that the army, which was not organized at that time, is now thoroughly organized within itself, and they know what they want and they think they know how to get it, but they are not organized to get it. The navy was the only one that was organized when the last war began, and probably they have gone on and kept up their organization. So it will be that you have those two big forces which, with the other forces of transportation and civilians who want to make a priority, will be so thoroughly organized that the result will be greater confusion than there was when we had only a lot of little unorganized forces.

"I do not mean to say that all it is necessary to do is to appoint an industrial leader. That is sheer nonsense. The industrial leader can not perform miracles. But you can have a plan, an industrial plan all worked out just as you have a military plan all worked out, and we must have an industrial plan that you know will be workable, with the departmental responsibilities outlined and ready to be assumed by the right kind of man at the time of the emergency, just as you have a military plan waiting for the right kind of man. The military man can no more do the industrial part than the industrial man can do the military part. What I have in mind is the preparation of a plan for a super-industrial strategy board that will help the army get what it wants with the least possible delay, keeping the whole country at its highest pitch.

"I believe that if the kind of organization we had at the end of the war had been functioning in the beginning—and I don't by any means claim perfection for what we were doing—the result would have been that we would have gotten our army in the field quicker, better equipped, and in my opinion the war would have cost only about fifty per cent of what it did; that means a saving of time, suffering, the loss of life, the great loss of wealth and the consequent taxation, and loss of personal initiative that must come from the increased taxes, and no profiteering.

"This board I visualize something like this: That every business would be organized, let us say, in a great corporation—the steel in one trust would be controlled by a committee, which in ordinary life we call a board of directors, and we would have Mr. Gary and Mr. Schwab and the other distinguished steel men. On the one side we have the demands of the army, navy, transportation, civilian needs, allies or associates, and the things that we need or might need to exchange for something we do not have in our country and that we could use to better advantage than something else. On one side would be the demand and on the other would be the supply. You can easily see it is not very difficult to find out what the demand is with each one knowing what it wants. We would know what the demands are. Then on the side we would know the amount of available steel. The whole question is fitting the demand to the supply. That is not a very difficult problem, because it was being done by a system of priority. The priority decisions were finally in the hands of the chairman of the War Industries Board. The board was simply an advisory board with the final decision and responsibility in the chairman's hands. When these

demands were gotten together the plan was that the priority committee should decide among themselves as to who should have the steel first.

"The steel director would be the head of this so-called steel corporation or trust, controlling all available steel. The price-fixing committee would fix the prices, the priority committee would decide who got it first and the steel people would proceed to fill the order. I am trying to give you the picture that, after all, it is a simple thing and a necessary thing. You have your committees of industries or your commodities committees and your priority committee who said who should have the thing first. Then there was your price-fixing committee. If the army or navy or any other body wanted to get a quick decision about a contract, they didn't have to wait to put the price in; the price-fixing committee would fix it and that settled it. It was understood that the commercial concerns could appeal to the price-fixing committee if they didn't think the price set by any department was right. That committee did a thing like this: When General Goethals wanted to get all the wool for uniforms, he decided he wanted all the wool in America, so he said, 'You fix the price.' He proposed to commandeer all the wool and the price-fixing committee fixed the price. It did the same in all things concerning which there was any discussion. The make-up of the price fixing committee was thoroughly satisfactory. You can not go around and take this man or that man, because in dealing with these problems there is a question of what the civilians are going to think about it, and the civilian people who stay at home are much more important than we generally give them credit for, because they write to the soldiers in the field and tell them how everything is going in the home country.

"Then we had a conservation division. We had a division that dealt with substitutes. For instance, platinum, as you know, is a very essential thing in the production of explosives and propellants; they found they could get a catalyst that they could use for industrial purposes that would release practically all of the platinum that was used in industrial plants other than those which were making explosives. Another important division was the one that planned for the trading for things which we needed which we could not get within our own borders. Another important thing, when we talk about mobilizing the country's resources, is to mobilize all its professions. For instance, we found near the close of the war that there were so many doctors that wanted to get overseas that many rural communities were being left without medical attention. All of the engineers should be mobilized according to their classes—mechanical, civil, metallurgical, chemical and other divisions.

"The Railroad Director was running his railroads exactly as a military arm. A lot of people talk about the money we lost in the railroads. The railroads were not run as an economic unit, they were run as a military arm of the government, and the reason they were taken over by the Treasury was because they could not finance themselves. All the money we paid to the railroads for apparent loss, was money very well spent, and Mr. McAdoo never ran a train or a service that was not subject to change because of a military necessity. For instance, I remember that we needed coal for the Pacific fleet, and we sent solid coal trains across the country; that interrupted all the traffic. You can not run things economically that way. The movement of the troops came first. They were not run on a schedule of passenger trains; they were run through and the passenger trains took what was left of the schedule. They had to route freight trains away from the great ports of congestion and so they were not run economically. Then, they were subject to the priority order, and the priority order was always one in which the military had the first say; it was the war necessities that came first.

"Before we entered the war, prices had reached their zenith through the competition in this country among the Allies. Ship plates had gone up to about the highest they ever were—I think they did go a little higher in April or May after we entered the war—aluminum, I think, was 45 or 50 cents. We afterward got it for 27 1-2 cents a pound, but that was entirely voluntary on the part of Mr. Mellon. These prices were at the highest level before we entered the war. We had the problem of squeezing them down. Labor had been competed for; the munition maker was making a lot of money, our manufacturer was making huge profits before we entered the war. Things were at the peak and if you look at the prices at the end of the war, you will see the remarkable work we did. Ship plates we got down to 3 1-4 cents instead of 14 or 15 cents; pig iron at the beginning was about $55, we got it down to $33 and would have put it lower but I don't think we would have gotten the production; copper was 23 cents, brought down from 36 cents.

"The general field would be covered immediately your price-fixing committee got into force. But in the meantime there would be no shifting of prices and nobody could say, 'I will bid $8 for labor' which he was getting for $4 or $6 on a similar job, or, 'I am going to pay 8 per cent for money' that was only entitled to 5, or that he would give two or five cents more a pound or a dollar a ton more for steel or copper, because he would have to reckon with this freezing process of that price, which goes as of a certain day. Perhaps we would go back and take the price as of three or four or five or six months before. The reason I say that is because there may have been a raising of prices in anticipation of war.

"But with the authority we have asked for, we can make the prices of such and such a day, and then we will establish the price-fixing committee to which a man with a grievance can go and have his case heard, and which committee will make adjustment up or down whatever the necessity demands. That seems more difficult than it really is, but if you will throw out the fact that we started with the peak prices of the war and had to work them down, and take the chance that if we got into war without people having been fighting before us the prices may be lower rather than higher, and there is no reason why you could not say the prices of thirty days ago are to go. That would mean there would be no shifting of prices or labor around the country, but the ordinary prices of life would prevail until the military would put in their draft—the industrial strategy board saying

what class of men should be taken, what businesses should be curtailed, what should not, etc.; then your prices would be fixed, your prices for materials and everything, and that would prevent what occurred in the last war—such an enormous debt and the feeling among men who were giving up everything in the world to go to the other side for $30 a month and a chance to be shot or wounded while high wages were being forced on men who stayed on this side. It was forced on them by ourselves, by the War Department, by me, by all of you. I do not know how we could have helped it. But it will be our blame if we do not fix this thing for the next time.

"If this machinery is functioning, it will seek to dislocate industry as little as possible, and to keep the prices and relative conditions of men as they were in peace. When the war is finished your price will be more nearly a peace level than a war level. I am one of those who advocate very strongly that there should be no profit in war and that it is not absolutely necessary, first, because it is repugnant and also because I think we should pay for the war while we are in it as much as we can, and leave the post-war conditions as free from the effects of war as we can.

"I have not touched on labor yet in this talk. I have always recommended drafting everything. That is offensive to a lot of people, but it is not offensive to me. I do not see why it should be any more offensive to draft materials, capital and labor than to draft the young men, but it is a misunderstood term. Really, what I have in mind is that we should control labor; we would not ruthlessly take a man from Hoboken and send him out to work in a camp in New Mexico, but there should be a control and direction of labor and of the uses of labor as well as of labor itself. The fault lay with us more than with labor in the last war; we competed one against the other, the army against the navy, and the Shipping Board on top of that, so labor was really forced to take the prices they did, and I must say that my contact with the labor leaders left an excellent impression on me.

"When I talk about drafting money, I don't mean that we should take your money away from you or go into the banks and take out a certain amount of money—the result of that would be a terrible panic and we could not function—but what I mean is the kind of thing we were really doing toward the end of the war, that nobody could have the money without saying where they were going to use it for the best interests of the war, and we should put a price on the use of money. If money goes up, you know how that affects the cost of things. There should be a limit to its use. As a matter of fact, there was not any abuse of that in the war. We handled it by saying, 'You can not get the things.' No building costing over $2,400 could be put up in the United States after a certain date without the approval of the War Industries Board; you could not get a barrel of cement, no civilian could get over five tons of steel. That looks like a very difficult organization, but it was not, for the reason that that authority was decentralized, and a man in Dubuque, Iowa, who wanted to put up a moving picture house had to get the approval of the local Council of National Defense first. We had no decision to make in Washington. If the local Council of National Defense said 'No,' we never said 'Yes,' but sometimes they said 'Yes,' and we said 'No.' The execution of it was right there locally, and so it would be with all these things. It looks like a big job, but it is really a very simple thing, simply a question of organization."

Our Prayers Together

Grace F. White

Sunday, August 23

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
Psalm 91 : 1.

"The peace of Jesus was the sacred calm of the soul's depths, which the visible storms of life, however violent, never reach; the profound repose of a heart at rest on the bosom of the infinite God. Such was the peace which Jesus communicated to his friends. It was the blessedness of heaven realized in their frail suffering bodies; not only the peace of Jesus, but the peace of God, passing all understanding."

O Thou God of our souls, we pray that we may not content ourselves with brief and infrequent calls upon Thy mercy, when pain or sorrow or sin emphasize themselves to our distress, but that we may dwell in Thy house all our days. So may we abide in Thy shelter and find the peace promised to those that seek Thee with all their hearts. Beneath the shadow of Thy protection may the fever of life abate, our fears depart and Thy peace be upon us to our healing. Every day may we feel the power of Thy divine companionship, and strength sufficient, according to Thy promise. And to Thee we will give our grateful hearts in praise. *Amen.*

Monday, August 24

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.
1 *Corinthians* 16 : 13.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason, seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine past pure—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with present activity, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.
Marcus Antoninus.

Dear Father in heaven, help us to remember that we come from Thee, that we may live unto Thee more nearly as we ought. Make us to stand erect and eager before every duty. Grant us to be diligent and watchful. Keep us from selfishness and sin. Give unto us to be worthy to serve Thee in the service of our fellow

men. And all that we ask of Thee, we would endeavor to fulfil in our own lives, by Thy grace, giving to Thee our reverent and grateful hearts, in the name and spirit of our Master, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Tuesday, August 25

Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

Psalm 86 : 15.

Here is the great last certainty. Be sure of God, with simple, loving worship, by continual obedience, by purifying yourself even as He is pure, creep close to Him, keep close to Him. Be sure of God, and nothing can overthrow or drown you.

Phillips Brooks.

Dear God in heaven, breathe upon us Thy holy spirit that we may be quickened in faith, made stronger in purpose and performance, more obedient to Thy commands, more tender in our sympathies, more merciful and kind, more like our Saviour who came to us as the supreme revelation of Thyself. So may we keep close to Thee, that our souls may prove their power over condition and circumstance. And to Thee may we render acceptable praise forever. *Amen.*

Wednesday, August 26

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Lamentations 3 : 26.

Hushed be the clamor of the world's noises while, in solitude and silence, we listen for heavenly harmonies, growing calm and patient; resting in the Lord, waiting for His revelation to our longing souls.

G. F. W.

O Thou who readest the hearts of all flesh, and from whom nothing is hidden, Thou knowest that we cry out after Thee in the stress of our souls. Grant to us the listening ear, the attentive mind, that we may receive Thy messages of comfort and be at peace. May fear and fret and worry depart from us that the light of Thy countenance may be upon us, dispersing all shadows that separate us from Thee. Thou art always near. Help us to feel Thy presence and Thy power within us and about us, that we may hope and wait with the assurance of Thy blessing. *Amen.*

Thursday, August 27

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

John 17 : 3.

The eternal life is not the future life; it is life in harmony with the true order of things, life in God. We must learn to look upon time as a movement of eternity, as an undulation in the ocean of being. To live so as to keep this consciousness of ours in perpetual relation with the eternal, is to be wise; to live so as to personify and embody the eternal, is to be religious.

Henri Frederic Amiel.

Almighty and everlasting God! we seek after Thee, that, feeling after Thee, we may find Thee and rest in Thee, walking in the way of Thy commandments all the days of our life. Forgive us, we pray Thee, that we are ever content with less than our best, and thus delay the coming of Thy kingdom within us. May we feel the compulsion of eternal life upon us, that we may press on toward the light that shineth to the perfect day, when faith shall find fulfilment, and prayer result in praise, and when all hindrances of this mortal life shall be no more. *Amen.*

Friday, August 28

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Psalm 103 : 2.

No self-respecting man will receive a favor from a friend without a "thank you." More than that, he will keep this courtesy in mind, if so be he—in turn—may render similar service. We receive continually from the good God gifts for our need, our comfort, our joy, more abundantly than we may ask or think. Without His remembrance of us, we would be poor and needy indeed. Our grateful praise belongs to Him. Let us have the grace to say "thank you," and to so live that every day shall be a thank-offering to Him from whom cometh every good gift and every perfect gift.

G. F. W.

We bless Thee, our God, that we may call Thee our Father, and that we may rest in the assurance of Thy perfect love and care. For home and its dear ones, for friends and their affection, for powers of body and mind, for the wonders and beauties of the world we live in, we praise Thee. All things are ours, if we have anointed eyes and quickened hearing, and hearts beating in tune with Thy providence. Every day may we speak and live Thy praise. Every day may we bless Thee for the supreme gift of immortal life, and wilt Thou make us worthy of our kinship and our inheritance as children of the most high God. *Amen.*

Saturday, August 29

Be careful for nothing; but, in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

Philippians 4 : 6.

"Do I hold daily and hourly communion with Him? Do I freely pour out my soul to Him? Do I tell Him my joys, and fly to Him in my sorrows? Do I remember that, being the child of His immortal Spirit, I should walk in the spirit? Heavenly Father, Thou only knowest! Search me, and try my ways."

Our dear heavenly Father, the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. Whether we wake or sleep we are in Thy holy keeping. We may cast all our care upon Thee, leaving our anxiety with Thee, for Thou art infinite in wisdom, and Thou carest for us and wilt deliver us from all our distresses. Increase our faith that, having done our very best, we may lay aside our doubts and fears, and rely upon Thy gracious promises of peace to those whose minds are stayed on Thee. Whatever Thy providence bestows may we receive as best for us, and may we comfort and strengthen ourselves by daily communion with Thee who art sufficient for our every necessity. *Amen.*

Reactions of Our Readers

FROM A MAN OF INSIGHT AND FAITH

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am enclosing $2.50 on subscription and want to thank you for the work you are doing for the church.

You are very much tried at times, I know, but that goes with the "job," of course, and you will not lose your patience if you keep in mind Him whom we love and serve.

We have a long life to live, unlimited possibilities are before mankind, and the wonderful adventure is so much more than worth while that the miscellaneous incidentals, although sometimes a bit disconcerting, need not be permitted to over-tantalize.

Wm. E. Manning Todd.

Gloversville, N. Y.

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DO THE FUNDAMENTALISTS OUTMANEUVER US?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

This is vacation and there is no sermon to prepare, and it may be that the *Leader* staff would like a little vacation also, and will therefore be willing to give space to my reactions to the issue of the 25th.

From reading, and from conversation with thoughtful people from various parts of the country and of differing schools of thought, I judge that the struggle for the preservation of religious and civil liberty in the United States is just beginning. Roman Catholicism in the United States, thanks to the ignorant intolerance of a large part of Protestantism, was never more united and more confidently aggressive. The fundamentalist movement is growing in intensity and in strength, and behind it are the same forces which gave rise to the Ku Klux Klan; and those forces are not to be dismissed with a gesture of contempt.

Certain groups of intellectuals can not bring themselves to consider the world as thinking otherwise than as the little circle in which they live and move and have their being. To them the passage of fundamentalist laws by one state legislature after another and the uprising against modern thought of which the Dayton trial was but an incident are utterly mysterious happenings and yet evanescent affairs unworthy of their notice. They still go on repeating their formula, "Nobody of any intelligence believes that any longer."

The late Mr. Bryan may have been an ignoramus in science, but he was also a clever strategist who altogether out-maneuvered his opponents. He courted the ridicule of the high-brows to win the adherence of the plain people who knew nothing of Darwin and higher criticism. His valedictory, from the viewpoint of Orthodoxy, was a masterpiece and the fitting close of his labors. It may well prove to be a history- making document, for he being dead yet speaketh, and speaketh as one who is received as a martyr for the faith of the fathers. Like Samson it may be said of him, "The dead which he slew at his death are more than they which he slew in his life."

In the minds of many millions Mr. Bryan succeeded in identifying the cause of fundamentalism with the cause of religion, of temperance, of home, of decency, of everything that, by long and painful struggle, man has been able to win from savagery. In a great degree he also succeeded in making the moral laxity and lawlessness of the times appear to be the logical accompaniment and product of modernist opinions.

Let us learn a lesson from history. There was a time when a narrow, harsh Puritanism triumphed in the Anglo-Saxon world. It banished art and beauty. The solemn-toned organs and the priceless pictured windows of the churches were destroyed. The theaters were all closed. The innocent merriment of children ceased; and even the festivities of Christmas were put under the ban. Why did all this happen? Because art and beauty had come to be allied with the cause of autocracy in church and state, and because the Puritans assumed the leadership in the struggle against King Charles I and Archbishop Laud.

We have reached a moral as well as a religious and political crisis in the history of our country. Infant mortality and the diseases due to bad sanitation are being conquered; but organic disease, due to self-indulgence, is tremendously on the increase. Thoughtful people are disturbed in contemplating the enormous increase in the consumption of tobacco and of narcotic drugs. Is it any wonder that this appalling wave of self-indulgence, expressing itself in a lawlessness that has no parallel in the civilized world, is causing a veritable panic of apprehension in the minds of millions? It it any wonder that, when all of this is blamed upon the modernists and it is made to appear that the prime need of America is a return to the old-fashioned belief in the Bible and hell-fire, the fundamentalist movement should receive a great popular support? When parents are convinced that their daughters' loss of faith in Genesis leads directly to depraved habits, then fundamentalism takes on the form of a crusade for God and home and country. Of course young women have the right to smoke, carry a flask and cuss with the same freedom as the young men, but a certain type of liberals in our great centers of learning and culture should realize that to the average person it does not appear that establishing young women in those aforesaid rights is doing anything for the stabilization of a precarious civilization.

The world needs to know that while the genuine liberal is not a Puritan, he stands for a higher morality than does the Puritan. He does not seek to escape evil by deserting the world but by living in it and conquering the evil that is in it. He does not seek the mstery of his animal nature by suppression, but by a wise control. Though evil may wear the mask of beauty he believes that it is essentially ugly, and that all things essentially beautiful are good. He believes that joy is one of the fruits of the divine spirit, and that to that spirit we can look for the elimination of sensual jungle music by good music, of ugly lascivious dances by artistically beautiful ones.

In addition to rooting heresy out of the churches, the fundamentalists seek to invoke the arm of the civil powers both to suppress heresy and to correct the manners of the people. Legislation as a moral corrective is always dear to the Puritan heart, and I think that the next two or three years will give us a great deal of such legislation. Recently the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania held a convention at Harrisburg at which they passed a resolution calling for the passage of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of tobacco. They do not seem at all deterred by the national scandals connected with the prohibition laws which we already have. However, the passage of such an anti-tobacco law is well within the range of possibilities. In that case we may have its enforcement put in charge of Mr. Duke of Bull Durham and Duke's Mixture fame, after the manner of putting Mr. Mellon in charge of the Volstead Act, and then anarchy would be complete.

The prime interest of a free church should not be legislation nor the control of the police power. Its work is the development of spiritual power which will give self-control; the development of social agencies and of a social conscience that shall beget decent standards of living and a better spiritual environment, the training of people both to think scientifically and to live scientifically.

Ernest M. Whitesmith.

Linesville, Penn.

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DEDICATED TO DEMOCRACY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

There came to the desk of the writer a few days ago, a copy of a book entitled "The 1925 Stroller." "The Stroller" is the college annual of our Western institution of learning, our prairie college, Lombard, out in Galesburg, Illinois.

The publication is, of course, beautiful: all college annuals are. It shows by many photographic examples why Lombard boasts the most beautiful campus in the Middle West. If the

illustrations are only half true to life, Lombard must, indeed, be beautiful. Then the book also shows four or five hundred handsome men and women, the student body, a fine looking faculty, groups at work and at play, advertisements, jokes and slams, debate and forensic, athletics and social life, study, recreation, laboratories, fraternity houses, etc., etc.

But the unique feature of the book is its dedication. Ordinarily a book is dedicated to some friend of the author. College annuals usually select a popular professor for this honor. True, a whole page is devoted to a a fine portrait of Dr. Tilden, the popular Prexy of Lombard, and opposite the picture is another full page bearing the following legend: "The man who made Lombard what it is to-day, Dr. Joseph Mayo Tilden," but this is not a dedication. Once I saw a college annual upon whose dedication page was the following discourteous and surprising statement, carefully set in a decorative border:

"With a long look
Into the future
We help dedicate
This volume to our
Next President."

Needless to say, the edition was ordered back to the printer by the president and faculty, but not until after scores of copies had been delivered to friends and alumni.

The Lombard "Stroller's" dedication is a simple, unique and worthy one. It reads as follows:

"To Democracy
The true expression of life
at Lombard College
The Class of 1926
dedicates this Stroller"

What could be more fitting, what more satisfying, and what more honorable? Each of us has a different definition of Democracy. When we hear the word, some of us think Golden Rule, some Freedom, some Service, some Toleration, some Altruism, or Helpfulness. Whatever the individual reaction may be, we all agree that Democracy is a big, desirable force, without which our individual efforts are naught. It is an inspiration that leads us onward and upward. It is an ideal ever before us. It urges us forward to achieve deeds more noble, to think thoughts more pure, and to solve problems more difficult.

Why not then, why not dedicate a book to Democracy, and why not dedicate ourselves to some principles other than money-making and social attainment?

We congratulate you, Lombard. We have heard of the Lombard spirit. We approve your democratic spirit. We pray that other institutions in our beloved land may emulate your aspirations and achieve your successes.

X. A. B.

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DR. HENRY N. DODGE PRAISES DR. ROSE

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I enclose a printed letter from Dr. Rose, bearing upon the Dayton trial, which ought to reach the readers of the *Leader* if you find it available.

Henry N. Dodge.

Morristown, N. J.

Dr. Rose's Letter

To the Editor of the News:

The *Newark Evening News* never rendered its readers and the great public dependent on its columns for information concerning live issues a greater service than in its whole treatment of the Scopes case. It has had splendidly full reports from the scene of the mighty battle for truth in science and religion. It has been thoroughly fair to all sides and yet has put forth its own convictions clearly and fearlessly. Of course, the *News* stands for intellectual liberty, as every leading paper of America does. It stands also, we are glad to note, on the side of religion rather than irreligion; belief rather than agnosticism; theism rather than atheism.

When a paper of such mighty influence not only in the great state of New Jersey but all over this broad Union, sums up the Scopes case in such a superb editorial as this one in its issue of July 22, workers like myself in God's vineyard may well rejoice and take courage. The *News* believes with all religiously-minded scientists that there is a "Great Intelligence working to high ends in the miracle of change which science calls evolution."

That is a sane conclusion and will hold like an anchor when it takes its grip on the granite in the depths of the sea. I have seen a big ship off the Maine coast driving before a sudden and terrific gale straight for a roaring reef. Then I have seen the great anchor dropped overboard and in a little while I could see that it had fastened itself to the rocks below, for the bow of the ship stubbornly nosed itself around into the teeth of the storm and there she held, safe from the reef, fearless of the gale. In like manner whoever believes that there is a God will find his faith holding no matter what gale of controversy or skepticism may strive to sink his ship of divine trust in the black waters of doubt.

All down the ages men have risen who have denied the existence of God either deliberately or by indirection—many of them eminent orators, writers, thinkers. Their books and lectures have frightened the timid and have converted the superficial, but the human race as a whole went on its way undisturbed in its hold on the Almighty. It did this because the Almighty exists and has never taken His everlasting arms from underneath His children. If there was no God, humanity would long ago have ceased to believe there was one. Man does not go on forever believing a lie or a myth. But to-day the belief in God is as universal as mankind. You meet it wherever you travel; with whomsoever you converse. True, the idea of God differs in various lands and with differing intelligences, but the belief does not differ. It is as steadfast as the mariner's belief in the North Star.

A wave of regret and sorrow has rolled over the land because of the sudden death of William Jennings Bryan. Those who did not agree with him on many matters nevertheless recognize his sincerity, his ideality and the great and good causes he championed and helped on to victory. But time will reveal the fact that it was unfortunate for Christianity that its spokesman at Dayton was Mr. Bryan. He represented a belated interpretation of Christ's religion, not the understanding of the strongest minds in Christendom to-day. He was a man who never permitted his mind to grow in religion. He confessed it in his answers to Mr. Darrow. A twentieth century man who could believe that God made woman out of man's rib, as Mr. Bryan admitted he did, was living mentally and religiously in the year 6000 B. C. and not in 1925 A. D. Mr. Bryan religiously was both a literalist and a backwardist. He should not have been given the right to be the outstanding defender of Christianity at Dayton. That privilege should have been accorded a preacher and not a lawyer; an all-round scholar, a learned theologian and a twentieth-century-minded minister like S. Parkes Cadman, Henry Sloane Coffin or Harry Emerson Fosdick. Then the land would have learned through the press and over radio just what Christianity really is to-day, and the sane, sound and broad way in which its dominant minds interpret the Bible and present the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

It is also a tragedy that science and evolution were chiefly defended by Clarence Darrow, an avowed agnostic concerning the existence of God and an indifferentist toward Christianity. The impression has gone abroad that evolution is materialistic and destructive of religious faith because its believers, in this instance, put forward as their mightiest champion a man who frankly and roughly denied any knowledge of God or a future life as well as a lack of confidence in the Bible. Mr. Darrow should have modestly taken second place and given the stage to Mr. Malone or some other able defender of evolution and freedom of thought who was at the same time a believer in God, the Bible and immortality. I do not mean the God of Mr. Bryan

or the Bible of Mr. Bryan or even the future life with its everlasting hell of Mr. Bryan. But the God, the Bible and the future life, for example, of Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Mather or Dr. Metcalf. Then the people would have known and felt that there is no necessary relation between skepticism and evolution any more than there is between skepticism and gravitation or electricity. If there is such a thing as evolution, as I believe, there must also be such a thing as an evolver. A world process such as this could not start of itself and could not keep unfolding of itself. There must be an infinite and eternal mind to account for an infinite and eternal evolution.

It is encouraging to note that Mr. Darrow does not deny God or immortality. He doubts and waits for convincing evidence. That is a fine state of mind for an honest man to take, and will eventually bring him to the liberal belief in God and the hereafter long held by the Universalists and Unitarians and now espoused by the modernists.

This controversy, which is only at its beginning, will, as the *News* says, do an enormous amount of good. The whole civilized world will become engaged in testing its grounds for belief, to see if the anchors will hold. Mankind will reach the parting of the theological ways and give up the unbelievable old for the believable new. Jesus long ago said: "I have other truths for you, but you can not bear them now. When the Spirit of Truth has come he will lead you into all truth." The hour is coming and now is when these new truths, hinted at by Jesus, will be let loose upon the earth and Christian thinkers and leaders everywhere will drop the old and lay hold on the new. This will save Christianity by transforming it and bringing it absolutely into harmony with modern science and modern life. On no other terms is there any more hope for it than there was for the religions of the Romans and the Greeks when they were outgrown and their priests refused to relate them to the future and harmonize them with the demands and needs of the ever advancing (evolving) human race.

The *News* printed a list of books that men and women ought to read in connection with this whole tremendous subject. May I name one that was omitted, but is in many ways the most helpful for belief that I ever read, namely: "Evolution in Its Relation to Religious Thought," by Prof. Joseph Le Conte. Your readers will find it fascinating and will come away from it sure that one may be religious and a Christian and also be a modern scientist and an evolutionist.

Henry R. Rose.

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A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF THE GREAT RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Probably the greatest menace to the harmony of the people of the United States to-day lies in the present religious controversy which is being carried on in the Protestant Church.

It has not so far reached the acute stage among the laity, but with the leaders striking fire from every angle of the situation it does not require much prophetic vision to predict the beginning of a general conflict.

The fanatical effort to create laws to support their weird interpretation of the Bible, and their readiness to invoke the aid of the law to force their views upon other folks, whether they like it or not, only goes to show how far a religious bigot will go if he has an opportunity. Probably not all, but nearly all, fundamentalists are of this type.

This new effort of a Mr. Loren H. Wittner in his willingness to make a martyr of himself by bringing an action at the city of Washington which will force the Supreme Court to make a decision as to whether the Bible has been "slandered" by the teaching of Frank W. Ballou and W. P. Hay, surely puts up to this Court a stupendous proposition.

A decision by this Court in this case presupposes that this Court must *infallibly* interpret the Bible, in order to determine if any of its provisions have been misrepresented by the above gentlemen. This act by the Court would mean that they would assume the powers of a Pope, and they would thus constitute themselves the Protestant Pope of the United States of America.

Can it be possible that the people of this country will stand for any such state of affairs, and permit the United States Court or any one else to do their religious thinking for them?

It may be that the "hunch" that the Ku Klux Klan had was in a measure right, when they said that the Pope was to be moved to Washington, the only difference being that Protestants will establish in place of the Pope, "a pope" in Washington.

The Bible does not need the support of law in Tennessee or any other state to safeguard the essential truths and precepts which it proclaims, nor does it need the Pharisaic wailings of the fundamentalist who would have the world believe that he is the only "simon pure" believer in and defender of the Bible.

If our fundamentalist friends will thoroughly master and put into practise the one precept which is found in Matthew 7 verse 12, they will be so busy that they won't have time to worry about what the rest of the world believes. Wake up, Liberals!

Earl Graves.

Galveston, Ind.

* *

AGREEMENT NOT NECESSARY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am moved once more to add my unqualified praise and commendation to your excellent efforts toward making a really representative Christian weekly that ranks second to none in the United States that I have ever been privileged to see—and I think I have seen, at one time or another, all of them. The free, open forum expressions that appear in the *Universalist Leader* from time to time, also evidence to the fact that others besides myself are thinking along the same line as I. It doesn't matter that all who write to the open forum do not agree always with you, or with me, or even that I don't at all times agree with your editorial expressions; the value of the *Universalist Leader* is none the less great. We do not all agree even with Paul at all times.

Wm. Davis Harrington.

Waltonville, Ill.

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EXTRACTS FROM A PERSONAL LETTER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Your fine letter of June 15 came yesterday with a message of cheer as always, and was read with pleasure. You say some generous things in the letter and the same mail brought a letter from Dr. Lowe, which said similar things. It is beginning to trouble me how I am to live up to it all. The only thing I am certain about is that I shall have a good time trying to do it, but as to results—ultimately they are on the knees of the gods.

It is Sunday morning before church. I have to write at odd moments you see. To-day we have O Bento Sunday—regular service—then lunch together eating unusual things from unusual dishes with chop sticks, or eating something brought from home. Then Mr. Bibber is to tell about his trip through Manchuria and Dr. Sato—recently given a degree of Doctor of Agriculture by Imperial University in recognition of a monumental work of 2,000 pages in Chinese characters on the subject of agriculture in the Japanese Empire—is to speak. The meal together is a sort of banquet in honor of Dr. Sato.

Monday and Tuesday are annual conference days, after which the Stetsons settle at Takayama for the summer, Miss Kent goes to Hokaido, the northern island, and Mrs. Rowe probably to Karuizawa. Mrs. Cary teaches at the University until July 10 and at Normal School until July 20 and I teach at the Commercial School for the last time on Saturday, the 11th. After that we will loaf about in kimono or yukatta, taking occasional short trips and rest.

It is getting on toward starting time. This letter is only a note of thanks for your letter. I will send a sort of community letter to Mr. Etz after the conference is over, containing a report. I wish—we all wish—that when you were in California you had pushed off and come the rest of the way. We hope that before our first term of service is over you and Mrs. van Schaick will

come and stay with us. It would be a treat to have you here. Mr. Zoller says you ought to have the next General Convention out here in the new church. That would be fine if we could have the new church for it. In any case we are trusting that you will come across sooner or later, and I hope we shall be booming.

Mr. Terasawa's father died the other day and was buried Friday. His mother is very ill and he has a new baby about two weeks old in his home, and as a consequence the paper which was to have come out June 20 has been delayed. It is just as well, for the fall is a better time to start, but I am sorry the poor man has so many burdens.

With many thanks for your letter and best wishes from us all to everybody at Headquarters, I am,

Sincerely yours,

H. M. Cary.

Tokyo, Japan.

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TEN DOLLARS FOR THE LEADER FUND

To *the Editor of the Universalist Leader:*

I am sending check for twelve dollars to renew my subscription to the *Leader* for one year. With the remaining ten dollars please send the paper to five people who you think would enjoy and appreciate it. I think it a fine paper.

Mrs. Byron J. Hopkins.

Westfield, N. Y.

* * *

HOW TO OBSERVE LABOR SUNDAY

James Myers*

The observance of Labor Sunday, which this year falls on Sept. 6, offers a great opportunity to the churches for helpful service in the world of industry. Most of us will agree that it is not the function of the church as such to enter the field of industry as a judge or a dictator of definite ways and means for solving the highly technical and difficult problems which face business men, employers and workers. Gospel ministers are not qualified as industrial engineers, and should not attempt to function as such. The church's peculiar sphere of action includes the creation and maintenance of a deep and undaunted spirit of brotherhood, a determined will to co-operate in free and constructive ways in all of the complicated relationships of human life; of ethical and religious education of our youth, including the ethical aspects of social and industrial problems, and of wise and tactful reconciliation of such individuals, classes, races or nations as may be estranged to one another. The modern church can also no doubt be helpful to industry by supplying an effective information service, making available to those who wish to conduct any experiments in more Christian industrial relations the data connected with the successful and unsuccessful attempts which have been made or are now being carried on by others in this field. To such industrial services of inspiration, information and reconciliation the average gospel minister is limited by the nature of his technical qualifications. A business man very properly objects if a local pastor without business experience attempts to describe to him exactly how his business should be run.

The observance of Labor Sunday, however, lies plainly within the sphere of the church's proper activity—that of inspiration and worship, the bringing together of the parties concerned in a spirit of reverence and of research, "to worship the Lord and to inquire in His temple."

Labor Sunday can be made an observance of such commanding significance that untold power can be released, understanding increased, and a definite advance registered toward the reign of brotherhood in industry.

A few concrete suggestions in regard to the observance of the day may be helpful to local pastors:

1. Send out official invitations to local labor unions, manufacturers' associations, business men's organizations, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, etc., to attend church in a body on Labor Sunday, reserving pews for their use, and inviting their presidents to sit on the platform.

2. Preach a special Labor Sunday sermon. The subject is immense in its scope, depth and implications. "My father worketh until now, and I work," said Jesus. If the local pastor is not in town and in his own pulpit on Labor Sunday, he can at least arrange beforehand for a supply, possibly inviting some local Christian labor leader or Christian employer to fill his pulpit, with a definite request that he preach or speak on the subject of the day.

3. The Labor Sunday Message, prepared by the Commission on the Church and Social Service, is brief enough this year so that it can be read in full from the pulpit during the service. This at least could be done if for special reasons the minister wished to preach on some other theme. The church could order enough copies of the Labor Sunday Message to distribute them to the entire congregation to take home with them. The office of the Social Service Commission, 105 E. 22d St., New York, will be glad to supply these messages at cost (1 cent each). Orders should be sent in early. Local pastors might see that the message and also their own addresses or sermons are given to the local newspapers and printed in full, if possible.

4. Arrangements might be made to broadcast the service by radio, and in large cities where prominent labor leaders and employers are engaged to make the addresses, photographs of such leaders and services could be made for the graphic supplements of newspapers, and for the news service of the motion pictures, featuring capital and labor coming together in a spirit of co-operation, and of reverence for the God and Father of us all.

5. In addition to the observance of the day in individual churches throughout the country, the occasion offers a unique opportunity for great union services of all the churches of a city or town with invited speakers, some of whom should be local pastors, employers, labor leaders, professors of economics. Others may be brought from a distance in order to secure men of national reputation and special information in this particular field. Some cities are planning to hold such services out of doors and to engage a band to supply special music.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Monument

We were in London, I and Keturah, and as we drove about, I beheld an High Monument, with the bronze statue of a gentleman upon the top. And I spake unto the Chauffeur saying, I recognized Lord Nelson on the top of a tall post in Trafalgar Square, but this gentleman's personality has faded out of my memory. Who was he?

And the Chauffeur answered, saying, I drive by 'ere hevery day, but I never 'eard tell who the blcke was.

And that evening I walked abroad, and I said, I will go and read that bronze gentleman's name on the base of his Monument.

But when I came to the Monument, there was no name on the base, and if there was one higher up I could not see it.

And two young women came by, as it were Shopgirls or Stenographers. And I inquired of them, saying, Whose Monument is this?

And they both looked up as though they had passed the Monument every day and had never seen it. And one of them answered, I do not know whose Monument it is. It is not mine.

And they both laughed and went their way.

And I inquired of a Policeman and a Postman, and I learned nothing.

And I returned to the Inn and spake unto Keturah, saying, There are two ways of consigning a man to Oblivion. One is by the deep burial of his memory, and the other is by elevating him so high above the heads of humanity that no one knoweth or careth who he is. And there are other ways of doing that beside Monuments.

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*Mr. Myers is Industrial and Field Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

What the Religious Weeklies Are Saying

LEGION OF HONOR FOR WORKINGMEN

This is good news—that the Legion of Honor in France is opening its membership to workingmen! Among the first to be elected, we are told, is an old moulder who has spent his life in making casts for many of the greatest sculptors of the country. Another artisan who is to receive the cross of the Legion is a jeweler whose skill and trustworthiness are attested by the labors of a life-time. Recently in this same connection was held a labor exhibition, to encourage skilled toilers to show their handiwork. This was conducted under the combined auspices of the Government and the Municipal Councils of Paris. Premier Herriot took a personal interest in the affair, and various newspapers presented prizes. In order to make the exhibition an occasion of interest to the entire country, every department was invited to select its best workman and to submit specimens of his handicraft. It has been suggested that all this is a clever scheme to head off social unrest, to meet the agitations of the "reds." It may well be so! But we prefer to believe that what we have here is only one more illustration of what is the glory of France—her essential culture, her love of beauty for its own sake, her recognition of worth wherever it appears, and her unquenchable democracy. France at her worst is chauvinistic, militaristic, bombastic—the easy victim of the Napoleons and Poincares. But at her best, France is the most civilized country in the world. Life not only at its silliest but also at its very highest gets more chance there than anywhere else in the world. France has her Napoleon's tomb and her *Arc de Triomphe*, but she also crowns Pasteur as her greatest son, names her streets and avenues for her Voltaires, Hugos and Lamartines, buries Jean Jaures in her Pantheon, and—admits artisans into her Legion of Honor! This is the France that men adore—the France that all the world would cherish as the brightest jewel in her crown. Alas, that a land so sensitive to the best should be so easily betrayed to the worst! Or is this latter the price of the former? Look at Athens, the most highly cultured and the most quarrelsome of old Greek cities!—*Unity (Chicago)*.

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A UNITARIAN FUNDAMENTALIST

Not the worst quip we ever heard was that of a man who said, "You are a Unitarian fundamentalist." Turning a seeming disadvantage to advantage is one of the choicest of exercises. There are three characteristics of a fundamentalist that we admire. He has convictions. He stands by his convictions. He preaches his convictions. And we might add a fourth, his convictions are distinctive and decisive. Our observation is that most of the people in the so-called Orthodox churches who say they are not fundamentalists are not much of anything. They have culture, comfort, half-empty churches, and the home address of most of them is Laodicea. Their preachers can not preach, their seminaries make essayists and organizers instead of prophets and priests, their journals waste reams of paper in fatuity.

All these things because they have no convictions. They are afraid to say a decisive doctrinal word for fear of violent reactions, or brain fever, and the result is the whole country is won over to the side which has convictions. America is ninety per cent fundamentalist. Our policy is like that of the fundamentalist in this important respect: We have convictions. We stand by our convictions. We preach our convictions. We have distinctive and decisive convictions.

Of all objections to this fourfold proposition, none is more baseless than that which says, If you hold to these things, you will become dogmatic. Of course, a man who has convictions is dogmatic. The two ideas are virtually one. The gulf that separates us from fundamentalism is in the kind of convictions we have. At every point our beliefs controvert theirs. Why can we not fight for our true faith as passionately as they fight for their false faith? What conscience can we have to let error prevail and souls be dragged in the slough of superstition and darkness? The sorriest spectacle to-day is not the fundamentalist with his pathetic wrong-headedness, yet determined and heroic. The sight for tears is the timid and opportunist liberal, who knows the truth, but, like forgotten Erasmus, would above all things keep silent lest he cause any trouble in the churches.—*The Christian Register*.

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ARMISTICE DAY AND PEACE

It is still a far cry to the next Armistice Day, November 11, but it is not too soon to begin to think about it.

There are two opposing forces in the country, one class desiring to signalize upon this day the triumphs of war; the other, the triumphs of peace. Christian people will have little difficulty in deciding on which side to range themselves.

The first Armistice Day in 1918 surely was a peace day. It was the beginning of peace for the world after more than four years of long and terribly bloody war. However unsatisfactory this peace has been in some respects, it has been vastly better than continued war. Indeed, if the war had lasted until now, for nearly eleven years instead of four, with the increasingly devilish devices of later years to make it more and more horribly destructive, I doubt whether civilization itself could have survived.

But the jingoes and the militarists would make every eleventh of November a war day, a day to glory in armaments and preparations for conflicts. At first they strenuously advocated a "Mobilization Day," which suggestion proved so unpopular that they camouflaged it by changing the name to "Defense Day," as though an enemy were right in the offing and about to fire upon us. Some propose now to make every Armistice Day a Defense Day.

We have had enough of war days to last for a century, 1,562 of them, from July 30, 1914, to November 11, 1918. Why not a Peace Day once a year? It would be a splendid preparation for Thanksgiving Day, a few weeks later in November, and give us something to be peculiarly grateful for.

All honor to President Coolidge for disapproving of the plans of the general staff of the army for making Defense Day an annual event on November 11.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

* *

HOKUM

A fellow editor reports the complaint of an active layman who was chairman of a pulpit committee when the congregation was seeking a pastor. This layman decried a tendency on the part of certain ministers of the gospel to "flirt with the church in the hope of having a call extended which could be used as a lever to boost their salaries in their present charges or otherwise bolster up a waning cause at home." This layman also seemed to have evidence to prove that "some preachers are not above using inside information which they profess to possess about the mind of God." In one instance, when this church was ready to extend a call to a certain pastor, he told the committee that Divine leadings pointed in another direction. Shortly afterwards, however, Divine Providence gave him intimations that a call would be accepted if extended. "The lay mind could not quite figure out the process by which this preacher arrived at two different conclusions in such a short time, based upon such a sudden change in the Divine will." This editor is not the only one in his profession who has been similarly questioned by laymen along these lines. We have had several reports recently which were remarkably similar to the one quoted above. Perhaps it is sufficient at this time, however, to quote the trenchant words of the *Baptist* on this situation:

> "Hokum is defined in the dictionary as a word or act used by an actor to win an audience. Some preachers seem to deal in ecclesiastical hokum. Knowing that

most Christian people are easily won by pious phrases on the lips of a minister, the dishonest preacher either consciously or unconsciously indulges in the hokum of consulting the Divine mind to find out something that his common sense and business intelligence would reveal to him quickly when all the facts are considered. But if he gave his decision based upon the facts that would lack the air of piety which is supposed to go with such a momentous event as a call to another church and might prejudice the committee against his candidacy. When a noted missionary in China was asked recently by a newspaper reporter to give an answer to a question involving the loyalty or disloyalty of a Chinese general to his superior, the missionary said he would have to consult the divine mind about the answer. That is ecclesiastical hokum. If God has endowed us with a sound mind, He expects us to use it to make our decisions in view of all the facts when honestly considered, bearing in mind the rule that if we will do His will as we see it we shall not go far astray."

—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

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ANOTHER CHAPLAIN RESIGNS

If resignations from the chaplaincy of the United States Army and Navy continue at the rate that has prevailed in New England since the defense test project was inaugurated, military leaders will soon have to look elsewhere than to the church for the moral backing necessary to launch another war. The hardest blow yet delivered by a minister of the gospel against "the whole spirit back of this mobilization program" came a few days ago from Rev. Robert Watson, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Boston. In response to a letter from Col. Fred B. Buchan, chief of staff of the 11th United States Reserve Corps, requesting co-operation in the defense test on July 4, Dr. Watson resigned his post as chaplain with the rank of captain, giving reasons for his action in the following letter:

> First, may I say that I am entirely out of sympathy with the whole idea of Defense Test Day? I protested vigorously against Armistice Day being used in that way last year. I am still more opposed to the use of our glorious Fourth for that purpose. Our natal day is too sacred in my estimation to be used to exploit a militaristic spirit, and thereby to engender animosity toward us on the part of other nations.
>
> I am convinced that the whole spirit back of this mobilization program is destructive to world peace and can result only in evil. My reason, as I am sure it was the reason of many others, for service as a reserve officer after the World War, was to aid in stabilizing our national life by assuring our Government that should an emergency arise we would be ready to meet it. At the same time I feel that we can co-operate in international service and thus convince the whole world that are definitely set to the task of establishing right relationships between all peoples, and thus speedily guarantee the elimination of aggressive war and the securing of universal peace.
>
> In view, however, of the developments last year and again this year, I am convinced that I can better serve my country as a private citizen rather than as a member of the Reserve Corps. I am, therefore, in this mail sending my resignation to the President of the United States.

To President Coolidge Dr. Watson addressed the following communication:

> The enclosed letter to Colonel Buchan explains itself. I feel that as commander-in-chief of the army it is my duty to send you a copy of this, and at the same time respectfully to submit to you my resignation as chaplain, with the rank of captain, in the reserve forces. I regret more than I can tell you being compelled to do this, but I feel that a tremendous effort is being made at this time to cultivate the militaristic spirit instead of the spirit of righteousness that seeks for peace. With many others I am trusting that you may soon see your way clear to call another conference for the limitation of armaments, and that there may be included in the agenda the outlawry of aggressive war.

The resignation of Dr. Watson from the chaplaincy is highly significant, for he is no "young pacifist" but a mature minister of the gospel of high standing and national reputation not only in his own but among all denominations. He has held leading pastorates in the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati and New York, and has occupied and still holds positions of large influence in interdenominational organizations and movements.—*Zion's Herald.*

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CAN BAPTISTS GET TOGETHER?

The convention of the Democratic party last summer in New York was an outstanding demonstration of the different types of Americans that hail from different sections of the country. The party clans came together there, but they never got together. Had they gotten together it would have been one of the greatest proofs of democratic coherence in all the history of popular government. But sectionalism made the party weak in its approach to the election of a president. The Baptist clans are about to meet in Seattle. Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, will touch elbows across the continent. The big church in a cosmopolitan center like New York will register its delegates in the same column with the little church far removed from the problems of a great city. The preacher who meets the conflicting currents of social life in a metropolis will seek to establish points of fellowship with the preacher who, unaware of social progress, still confines his ministry to the individual. The Baptist layman with a world consciousness and a vision of international brotherhood will try to enlarge the horizon of the man who is circumscribed by local interests. All the clans will come together and we believe all the clans will get together at Seattle.

The MacDonalds and the McGregors used to fight each other in the old days when the common enemy did not threaten both. But when Highland freedom was menaced by Lowland government then all the Macs got together to resist the invasion of the mountains by a common foe. There is an insistent call to-day for a union of all types of Baptists on the basis of that spiritual experience called regeneration and in behalf of the evangelical faith which finds its center and circumference in loyalty to Jesus the Christ, the Son of the living God. To him as our common Lord and to his program of individual and social redemption we must rally our forces. There will always be occasion for difference of opinion and for diversity of method and for change of mind; but nothing must ever be permitted to disintegrate our fellowship in the furtherance of the gospel or to break up our common unity of spirit in facing the tremendous tasks which our Lord has given us to do. There is enough evil in the world for us to fight without fighting each other. There is more than enough dissension and distrust among men without the contribution we may make to it. Negative and destructive forces need no help from us. This does not mean that we shall close our eyes to conditions that need to be changed, and fall into a state of blissful indifference to moral, religious and doctrinal heresies; but it does mean that we shall not permit our militant movements against heresies to take the form of guerilla warfare and proceed upon the basis of ecclesiastical reprisals.—*The Baptist.*

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Let us be honest. Out of many million church members in this country but two small groups,, the Unitarian and Universalist, start with the premise that portions of Scripture are neither morally true nor scientifically sound. All the rest start with the premise that the Bible is the Word of God. Then they set about accepting, explaining, reconciling.—*Christian Register.*

Understanding Our World

International Relations

BISHOP McCONNELL ON LATIN AMERICA

Better understanding between the men and women of the United States and the people of Latin-American countries is an absolute necessity if good-will is to exist between the nations on the American continent, according to Bishop F. J. McConnell of Pittsburgh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He spoke July 20 to church leaders attending the Chautauqua Conference on International Relations from the Christian Point of View held under the auspices of the Commission on International Justice and Good-will of the Federal Council of Churches.

"The first step toward bringing the United States and the Latin-American countries into closer interdependence," said Bishop McConnell in beginning his address, "will be taken when larger numbers of our citizens deliberately make up their minds to seek to understand the peoples to the south of us. No one in his right mind would expect to understand foreign speech at first hearing. It is just as foolish to expect to understand the foreign thought, out of which the speech of the foreigner comes, without determined attempt to master that thought.

"This attempt at understanding must take account of the complexity of the Latin-American situation. Latin America is not at all a simple term. South America is divided among nations so diverse that hardly any one group will recognize much kinship of spirit with any other group.

"Lines of cleavage between classes run deeper than in Anglo-Saxon countries. The racial intricacy is beyond description; interminglings of Spanish, Portuguese, Indian, Negro, Italian—and to a less extent of English and American stocks—make a tangled skein of racial characteristics which beggars statement. The types of 'culture'—using the word in a broad sense—are equally diverse.

"Yet these various intermingled groups do have certain traits in common. They are all alike remarkably polite. The miner courtesies of life seem to weigh more heavily in their consideration. They seem also to have a more widely developed sense of the beautiful than do those of us of the North.

"We criticise their legislative and executive bodies for extravagance in public buildings and monuments, when the money might go to more practical enterprises. In this criticism, however, we forget that the Latin-American legislator is quite as skilled in giving his constituency what they want as is the North American, and in South America the popular desire is for public works of beauty.

"There are darker charges against our Southern neighbors—the proneness to revolution, the callousness to human suffering, the inert acceptance of the creed of fatalism. We need to remember, however, that the fiercest critics of these weaknesses come from the Latin-Americans themselves. It was Alberto Pani, a Mexican, who first scientifically disclosed the facts as to Mexico's terrible death rate because of poor sanitation. It was Bunge, an Argentinian, who in 'Our America' most unsparingly rebuked his countrymen for the peculiarities which thwart their social progress. More and more the Latin-Americans are showing themselves able to set their own houses in order. We can be perfectly sure that their own criticism of themselves will do them much more good than any criticism which we can give them.

"But why do they take such unfriendly views of the United States? Surely they must know that the main mass of the people of the United States have no hostile intentions toward Latin America. We don't want a foot of their soil. So runs our rather querulous protest against Latin-American hostility.

"The only way the South Americans can judge us is by the way we act. They see our official high-handedness against Mexico. They know about Haiti and San Domingo. They have not forgotten how we acquired the Panama Canal Zone. If we have to do a deal of explaining to satisfy ourselves as to these affairs how can we expect our explanations to satisfy them?

"There are many, many noble Americans at work in Latin America—business and professional men of high type, but much good that these do is undone by another type of Americans—frequently tourists. Sao Pavlo, a Brazilian city of three quarters of a million population, is a capital of surpassing beauty. Two or three months ago a drove of American tourists, traveling to get away from the rigor of the Northern winter and of prohibition, landed at Santos and took the two hour railroad journey up to Sao Pavlo. Swarming through the streets like a host of Yahoos they kept calling to one another: 'What's the name of this burg?'

It was, of course, not intentional insult. For the most part it was crass ignorance. Many of them literally did not know where they were. The effect on the friendliness of South Americans toward North Americans, for the time being at least, was deadly. How long will it take for some American tourists to learn that they are the cause of much foreign ill-feeling toward the United States?"

* *

DEAN MATHEWS ON INTERNATIONAL MORALS

"Nations have not hitherto regarded themselves as moral units," said Dr. Shailer Mathews, in opening the Conference on International Relations from the Christian Point of View.

"Morality has existed within nations, individuals have recognized right and wrong, but nations themselves have recognized no ultimate authority except war. The individuals of one nation have had rights within the confines of others in accordance with treaties. Nations have bargained with nations but there have been no international morals in the sense that there have been individual morals.

"The explanation is apparent. Morality is the outgrowth of group life, and there has been no group life for nations sufficient to develop customs upon which morality rests. The law of nations has been the law of force mitigated by agreements dictated by pride, economic policy, and fear. Just as there has been no morality among individuals until group life developed, there will be no morality between nations until group life of nations develops.

"Such morality is now in process of evolution. It is possible to discover parallels between the development of individual morality and the processes of international relations. Imperialism is an attempt to develop national *mores* by the subjection of the weaker to the stronger nations. But imperialism has repeatedly shown itself fatal. No empire that has rested upon coercive methods has survived. Only as nations have established mutual regard for rights have they been able to co-operate. The development of the British Commonwealth is an illustration of this fact.

"Further advance toward international morality has been made by those nations that have longest followed the principles of democracy. There have been a number of cases of arbitration which have served as precedents for building up further extension of same principle. Various conferences which have been held for the purpose of adjustment of points of differences have also served to accustom nations to reliance upon justice rather than upon war.

"The next stage is that of a conscious, scientific development of a group life of nations. Only as a reciprocal relationship is established can there be genuine morality between nations. As nations build up customs of granting each other justice and organize their group life in accordance with underlying principles of mutual dependence there will be advance in international affairs. Until there is formed some society of nations in some way comparable with the society of individuals we can not hope to have an international morality."

Home and Children

TREES

The poplar is a soldier,
  The beech tree is a queen,
The birch, the daintiest fairy
  That trips upon the green.
But there are only two trees
  That set my heart astir,
They are the drooping larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

The oak tree tells of conquest
  And solid, dogged worth.
The elm of quiet homesteads
  And peace upon the earth.
But oh! my love and lady,
  Just two trees speak of her,
They are the swaying larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

They speak of shady woodlands,
  They tell of windy heath,
Of branches spread above us
  And crackling cones beneath.
And oh! I fain would wander
  Where once I went with her,
Beneath the golden larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

The ash is bent with weeping,
  The cypress dark with doom,
The almond tree and hawthorn
  Are bright with hope and bloom.
But there are only two trees
  That set my heart astir,
They are the swaying larch tree
  And the bleak Scotch fir.

Irene Maunder.

* * *

WILD HORSES

WHEN I was a boy, it was my ambition to own a good saddle horse. After hard work and careful saving I was able to gratify my desire. Some horse dealers brought to our town a drove of horses which they were selling at a very moderate price. I climbed up and sat on the corral fence and looked over the horses, trying to pick my purchase. A dark iron-gray filly moved gracefully across the corral as if to exhibit her beauty. Her arched neck with wavy mane, her slender limbs, marked her as the horse I longed to possess.

The horse dealer, seeing my boyish admiration for the animal, let me have her for fifty dollars, though his price was seventy-five. No piece of property has ever given me the joy in possessing it that I enjoyed in the ownership of that young mare. I romped with her, petted her until she became really fond of me. One thing she enjoyed most of all was lumps of loaf sugar, which I used to feed her out of my hand. When she was feeding in the pasture, I used to go to the gate and call "Gypsy," holding out my hand with a few lumps of sugar on my palm. Gipsy would throw up her head, sniff, whinny, and come loping to me. I had to watch that she did not run against me in her wild race. She would munch the sugar from my hand while I stroked her neck and talked to her, as a boy will to the beast he loves.

When Gypsy had finished licking my hand so that no speck of sweetness remained, she let me put the bridle on, and leaping on her back, she would gallop away in evident glee. Once I fell off as she leaped a ditch. Gipsy returned and stood over me rubbing my face with her nose until I recovered my breath and was ready to remount. I drive a big automobile now, but I never have felt such exhilarating thrills as those I enjoyed on the back of Gipsy as she sped over hill and plain.

One spring I was sick for several weeks. As soon as I could walk out to the pasture, I went with some lumps of sugar, anticipating a happy meeting with my pet.

I called, but there was no answering whinny. With tear-dimmed eyes I scanned the pasture in vain for my Gipsy. She was gone!

Since then fire and bank failure have swept away my savings, but no loss has ever brought the heartache that I, a sick lad, felt that day when I discovered that my pet horse, the only piece of property that I possessed, was gone. I crept back to the house and refused to be comforted for my loss. There might be other horses equally good and valuable, but Gipsy was my chum. I loved her and believed that she had a real affection for me.

Days passed and I grew stronger and in some measure had begun to accept my loss with a degree of resignation. I believed some miscreant had stolen my Gipsy, forcing her against her will to leave me. I often wondered if she was being well treated and whether she ever thought of me.

Then one evening a neighbor rode up to our door and called to me.

"Frank," he said, "I saw your horse to-day." My heart leaped with joy. "Where?" I asked.

"She's gone back to the drove of wild horses down on the river bottom."

"Are you sure that you saw my Gipsy?" I asked, in incredulity.

"Yes, I know her very well; few iron-gray horses have three black feet and one white one."

"Where can I find her?" I asked.

"Find her, boy, don't you know when a horse goes back to the wild drove they're gone for good and all?" he answered.

"Please tell me where she is. I shall go after her. If I can find her, she'll come back to me."

He smiled at my boyish infatuation and enthusiasm. Finally, seeing how much in earnest I was, he said, "It's a mighty long ride, seventeen miles to where they were to-day. By to-morrow they'll likely be twenty miles from there."

That night, when I told the family of my intended trip they demurred and tried to dissuade me from undertaking so exhausting a journey when I had not fully recovered my strength. Finally, seeing I would not be dissuaded, they ceased arguing with me.

I lay awake till late in the night, thinking over

my journey and how best to win my horse back from the wild drove she had joined. Finally, I decided to reach the vicinity of the wild drove near the noon hour; for I knew that all animals like to be quiet at midday. They lie down or stand in little groups during the warm part of the day. I could more easily get Gipsy's attention at such a time than when the ears of the whole drove were alert to catch every sound. Their fright would probably stampede Gipsy into following them in their wild flight from man. Therefore I must manage to get her attention undistracted by the drove.

The next morning I put a few strips of jerked beef in my pocket to chew on during the day, and set off before the family was up. The ride along the steep, winding trail, over the hills, then down on to the river bottom, was long and tiresome. At the foot of the hill a spring of cold sparkling water leaped forth, inviting the weary traveler to alight and quench his thirst. I dismounted and climbed down the steep descent to the spring, from which a stream of water rushed down toward the river miles away.

I was surprised to see the signs of many horses' hoofs in moist earth around the spring and the stream flowing from it. I knelt down to drink, then I stopped suddenly. There in the moist sand at the edge of the spring was the print of a horseshoe. Only one animal among all that had trampled the ground around the spring had a shoe.

I was so happy over this discovery that I almost forgot to drink. I felt sure those tracks—so many of them—were made by the drove of wild horses among whom my Gipsy had found refuge in her loneliness when she did not know what had become of her friend.

I was convinced that the wild horses had come to the spring to drink after their morning's graze. That being the case, they would not go far. Somewhere under the shade of the broad-spreading cottonwood trees they were resting in little groups, for the trees stood some distance apart.

Remounting my horse, I rode forward cautiously, peering in all directions through the trees and undergrowth for a sight of the wild horses.

Near noon I discovered Gipsy with three other horses under a big cottonwood, some distance to my right. Their heads were down in the drowsy fashion of horses on a warm day. They were switching flies and occasionally rubbing their noses against each other's necks.

I dismounted, tied my horse, and crept cautiously forward without so much as breaking a twig. When I was near enough to be clearly heard I stepped out into the open, called "Gipsy," extending my hand, palm upward, with several lumps of sugar in sight. The other horses jumped, flung their heads up, snorted, turned and fled. Gipsy started to follow them. I called again, "Gipsy!" She stopped, sniffed the air, gave a low whinny, and started cautiously toward me.

She did not run to me as in the good old days, yet she came slowly, sniffing the air. Her ears were extended forward, every faculty alert. When a few yards from me she stopped, sniffed, pawed the ground, and stamped her feet. After observing those primitive precautions of her wild ancestors, she seemed to be assured of safety and again advanced.

During all this time I continued to call "Gipsy, come Gipsy!" When near enough to reach my hand she nipped a lump of sugar from me and drew back to eat it. I did not attempt to follow her, but gave her time to taste the sugar and for her appetite to call for more. Then she came forward and took another lump. She gave a little nervous start when I laid my hand on her neck as of old. However, it was only for an instant. She arched her shapely neck to be stroked. I wanted to seize her and make sure that she never would get away from me; but I knew I must play fair with her if she was ever to be mine again on the old friendly basis. So I held out my hand for her to lick after the last lump of sugar was gone. Then, cautiously, so as not to show the excitement I felt at having my pet near enough to touch again, I raised the bridle, which she permitted me to put on her.

She became a little shy and trembled when the bridle had been buckled on; but I continued to talk with her and to stroke her neck. Then I patted her back and leaned my head against her neck. She reached around and rubbed her nose against me as in the old days before she answered the call of the wild. When she had satisfied herself concerning my identity, I leaped on her back and she started for the trail that led back home.

Returning to where I had left the other horse, I transferred the saddle to Gipsy, remounted her and led the other horse.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills I rode up to our gate. The neighbor who had told me where Gipsy had gone had come over to our house on an errand. He stared with open mouth as I rode up. When he had regained sufficient self-control to speak, he exclaimed, "Frank, you're a wonder. How did you do it?"

"With a few lumps of sugar," I answered.

"Sugar nothin', don't tell me that you caught that mare out of the wild drove with a few lumps of sugar."

"That's just what I did," I replied.

"Well, you ought to be a horse tamer," he answered, with wonder and incredulity in his eyes.

Gipsy never ran away again. I think she learned to love my kind treatment and to have a real affection for the one who went after her and brought her back from the wild drove.—*Frank Hampton Fox, in Our Dumb Animals.*

* * *

THE MOST VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH

The vagaries of collectors are notorious. They have their own standards of value, quite unlike those that an uninstructed person would think reasonable. For example, whose autograph, out of all the more or less distinguished citizens that our country has produced, do you suppose is worth the most money? Not George Washington's or Abraham Lincoln's or Benjamin Franklin's. Not Ralph Waldo Emerson's or Nathaniel Hawthorne's. Not Jonathan Edwards' or Thomas Jefferson's or General Grant's or General Lee's. Whose then? Button Gwinnett's!

Not many of our readers will be able to tell off-hand who Button Gwinnett was, though those who have a good memory for names may remember seeing his among the list of signatures appended to the Declaration of Independence. He was in his time a personage, a native of Bristol, England, a prosperous merchant and planter in Georgia, and sometime governor of

that colony. The special value that attaches to his autograph arises from its rarity. Collectors, it seems, have a passion for getting together complete sets of signatures by the "signers." It is surprising to know that there are already thirty-two such sets in existence, at least half of them in public institutions—libraries or historical societies or museums—out of which they are never likely to escape into the auction room. So far as is known, no autograph of Gwinnett's exists outside these thirty-two complete sets. Although he was a busy merchant and must have carried on a good deal of correspondence, not a single letter of his is known; the only signatures are on legal papers of one kind or another or as counter-signatures on letters by others. Why his autographs are so rare is something of a mystery, but so it is. When the Thomas collection of autographs was auctioned recently, Button Gwinnett's name brought $14,000—a thousand dollars a letter. All the other fifty-five autographs of the "signers" together brought only about $12,500. Doctor Dickinson, librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, says that perhaps only a well-authenticated autograph of William Shakespeare would command a higher price to-day.

Button Gwinnett did not long survive the signing of the Declaration. In the very next year—1777—he became involved in a quarrel with a General McIntosh, and a pistol duel followed, in which Gwinnett fell, mortally wounded.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

NEW SPECIAL CREATIONS

O. R. Washburn

If the Universal Mind is conscious of a purpose we may expect to find that it sometimes works abruptly.

The navel orange originated upon a limb growing from an ordinary orange tree. All fruit of this variety grows on wood thus recently created. An accident in chemical composition of the parent tree might account for the change in the fruit, but not for the fact that year after year grafts from the parent branch persist in bearing navel oranges. Manifestly some change had taken place in the life of the orange wood. The navel orange is a blessing from a source unseen and beneficent, literally a gift of God.

The copper beech which adorns a lawn was produced in the same way. A tree in Scotland sent forth a new kind of life that was thus manifested. The lima bean which needs no pole upon which to climb, first appeared, a special creation, in a garden in the Middle West. Nature works abruptly as well as by slow evolution. We can not imagine the process by which the silk worm changes to a moth as having originated by slow degrees. The Universal Mind tries experiments, assumes suddenly new forms, implants in the unseen life of plant and insect and bird and animal decrees that are adhered to through succeeding generations.

Marlboro, N. H.

* * *

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CRUELTIES OF TRAPPING

To bring about more humane methods in the capture of fur-bearing animals is the aim of the newly organized committee of which we wrote in our last issue, and which will conduct a nation-wide campaign under the auspices of the American Humane Association.

"The proposed campaign is not an attack upon the fur industry or an indictment of the wearing of furs. We hope, on the contrary, to have the co-operation of the fur industry.

"Public sentiment created by humane societies," continued Mr. Horton, the president of the American Humane Association, and chairman of the committee, "is rapidly bringing about the elimination of cruel and demoralizing acts in the circus and elsewhere where wild animals are made to perform.

"Public sentiment and public opinion can accomplish anything. The movement for the elimination of the non-killing trap and the cruelties which at present are inseparable from trapping is getting into full swing. The fur industry must see the handwriting on the wall. It will have to co-operate with the humane public just as the packers and the circus people and others have been compelled by popular sentiment to do.

"The brutality of the present methods is unquestioned. No arguments or claims which the industry or the trappers can advance can justify that brutality. By means of the steel trap millions of fur-bearing animals suffer excruciatingly from the moment they are caught until death comes, either from the hand of the trapper, or from thirst and starvation, or from exhaustion, or freezing, or being eaten by other animals. Many of them escape by gnawing off a foot. Perhaps the worst feature of the situation is the length of time some of these poor animals suffer—often days, sometimes a week passes before a merciful release is effected.

"The immediate objects of the present movement are the presentation of the facts to the public and the enactment of a law by the state legislature against the use of all non-killing traps."

The Humane Trapping Committee is a direct result of the interest of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in this phase of work for the prevention of cruelty to animals and was started by her personal contribution for the purpose. Contributions may be sent to the American Humane Association, Albany, New York.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

* * *

"YET" AND "BUT"

Says our contemporary, the *Baptist*, "Nearer, my God, to Thee has lifted millions of souls up to the very heart of the Father, and yet it was written by a Unitarian." Why "and yet?" Write "because" there, and it is nearer the truth. The writer continues, "That is to say, it was written by one who affiliated with the Unitarian Church, but when the inspiration came that produced the hymn all sectionalism was obscured, and only that which is universal to the human heart was in evidence." Dear man, that is no place for "but." Do you not know, "only that which is universal" is Unitarian? It is a central distinction of our faith. The author of the hymn was never more loyal to her great belief than when she wrote.—*Christian Register.*

* * *

A CAUTIOUS PRISONER

The following conversation between a prosecuting attorney and a prisoner was heard in a court room far up in the mountains of West Virginia:

"Prisoner, do you know this man?"

"I've seen him."

"Did you maliciously assault him?"

"I hit him."

"Did you use a dangerous weapon?"

"No, I had a club."

"Did you knock him down?"

"He fell."

"Did you hurt him?"

The prisoner smiled for the first time. "Ask him," he replied.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

SOLVED

Mrs. Duwell had moved into a tiny apartment, and her friend, Mrs. News, was rubbing it in a bit.

"But how in the world do you manage to keep house in this little kitchenette?" she asked.

"Easy," retorted Mrs. Duwell. "I had a special can-opener made. A very short handle, you see."—*Exchange.*

* * *

THE HEN'S PREDICAMENT

The superintendent of a model farm was explaining the working of an incubator to a class of young women. At the end of the lesson she told them to ask any questions they liked if they did not fully understand her.

Imagine her astonishment when one of the girls, with an earnest look of inquiry on her face, put the question, "Where does the hen sit?"—*The Epworth Herald.*

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

More Philosophy

Idealism. By R. F. Alfred Hoernle. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

Immortality in Post-Kantian Idealism. By Edgar S. Brightman. Harvard University Press. $1.00.

Moral Values. By Walter G. Everett. Henry Holt and Company.

This week we continue our program of summer reading by examining three books, two of them discussions of philosophy and the third a treatise on ethics, a single branch of philosophical study. We begin by commenting on Professor Hoernle's "Idealism," a little volume of the highest value. Quite appropriately we turn from that book to Professor Brightman's Ingersoll lecture, which also examines idealism, but with a particular interest in the bearing of idealism on a belief in immortality. With these two books we take our leave of philosophy in the inclusive sense, but before turning to a study of some of the recent books on science we pause for a rather careful scrutiny of Everett's book on ethics.

Hoernle's book is by far the best book yet published in the admirable collection of volumes on philosophy and religion which Doran is publishing in this country. It is a work of masterly condensation, remarkable not only because of its lucid summaries of the views of the principal idealists but also because of the author's power to select significant contributions to philosophical thought and to expound them. The book begins by defining idealism, showing the various technical and popular uses of the word, and by sketching the views of the leading idealistic schools. A chapter then states the position of Berkeley, first of the modern idealists, and a second chapter criticizes certain of his views. The same problems are carried over into the next chapter, wherein Hoernle shows how Kant and Hegel dealt with them. The final chapter presents the views of the two leading English idealists of the last generation, F. H. Bradley and Bernard Bosanquet.

Because the book is itself a summary of ideas, it is impossible to give a further summary here. We must content ourselves with urging every student of philosophy to read it, promising him that he will come to understand idealism better and to respect it more, even though he may, like the reviewer, reject its tenets. For us, in our program of summer reading, the book is extremely useful. It supplements the three introductions to philosophy which we read, giving a far better understanding of idealism than they. Even Brightman's book, which, it will be remembered, was written from the idealist position, has a far different emphasis, due to the author's endorsement of personalism, and ignores some trends discussed by Hoernle. Hoernle's book also illustrates a point repeatedly made by Conger and Patrick by showing how far the metaphysics of idealism is bound up with its theory of knowledge. It presents some striking contrasts with Dewey's book, which is written from the point of view of a school radically opposed to idealism, and yet there are certain minor resemblances that strike the reader as highly significant.

Brightman's little book is not particularly interesting, and as a lecture it was most disappointing. It is informing, however, and it offers a sound analysis of the views of Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, and other followers of Kant. Brightman's contention is that a belief in immortality can not be separated from a world-view. He further argues that idealism as a world-view is logically favorable to belief in immortality, and he tries to show that the post-Kantian idealists held such a belief. The reader will recognize certain phrases made familiar by the author's "Introduction to Philosophy," reviewed two weeks ago.

From philosophy we now turn to ethics, but that the transition is not abrupt is demonstrated by the fact that all three of the introductions to philosophy with which we began our little course of reading mentioned Professor Everett's book. Mr. Everett, who is a professor at Brown University, has a loyalty to experience which would delight Professor Dewey, whose emphasis on experience we noted last week. In the opening chapter of "Moral Values," devoted to defining the scope and aim of ethics, he declares: "Metaphysics has never discovered a new type of moral value. From Plato to the modern idealist, who finds all possible values realized in the all-embracing consciousness of the Absolute, the types of value selected are those, and those only, which are found in immediate experience and recognized by the scientific analysis of such experience." A few pages farther on he says: "Every ought-judgment is forever linked to an is-judgment, and by the same token ethics, like any other science, can deal only with existing facts when forming its theory of what ought and what ought not to be." Because he begins and ends with experience, and because human conduct is a thing with which we are all familiar, much that Everett says seems familiar to us, and even commonplace. This is evidence of the soundness of the book. Too many writers on ethics use high-sounding phrases and polysyllabic terms that appear to divorce their treatises from every-day life, and often really do so. Everett sticks close to life, and therein lies the chief merit of his book.

After discussing what the science of ethics is and is not, Everett devotes several chapters to a discussion of theories of ethics. He first points out that there are two main divisions, teleology and formalism, the former "making the idea of some end to be attained, some final good, the fundamental principle of ethics," the latter maintaining that there "is a still more primary element to be found in the idea of duty dictated by an unconditional law of right." His own sympathies are with the teleological theory, and he proceeds to outline the two main branches of ethical teleology, hedonism and the perfection theories. After a historical treatment, he attempts a criticism of each. He defends hedonism, the doctrine that happiness is the end of all conduct, but points out that it is inadequate. Happiness, in his view, is not the supreme good, but it is a factor in all goods. Moreover, "happiness is too abstract, and also, if carelessly used, too liable to abuse, to be set up as a ready formula for guidance in the details of conduct." Hedonistic theories need to be supplemented, and it is with this need in mind that Everett examines the other branch of teleology, namely, the perfection theories. By perfection he means the perfection of function, the development by a human being of the capacities inherent within him. On this idea Everett seizes, making use of it in connection with his acceptance of part of the hedonistic view. "Other things being equal," he writes, "there is a correspondence between happiness and perfection in human life."

On this basis Everett begins his discussion of some more concrete problems. He has laid down the proposition that the end of life is the development of one's capacities, and he holds that such development is accompanied by a feeling of satisfaction, that is, it achieves happiness. He next seeks to examine the various values that exist, and his first task is to classify them. For purposes of convenience he defines eight classes: economic, bodily, recreational, associational, character, esthetic, intellectual, and religious values. He insists upon the importance of each class, and in his summary he says: "Morality is as wide as are the interests of life, and must extend to the control of every part of its manifold content. It is no separate interest, but the principle of the order and harmony of all interests, the law of the whole. Ethics, thus interpreted, becomes in its widest meaning nothing less than a criticism of civilization."

To duty he turns his attention, and states, "Duty, then, derives all its strength and sacredness from the good." He traces the historical development of conscience, saying, "The authority of morality is no

(*Continued on page* 29)

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

THE FOREIGN MISSION CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD

The key-note of the Conference was Prayer and Missions. No one could have listened to Rev. H. R. Weir in the Bible Study period, as he used the "Sermon on the Mount" as his text, or Mrs. Montgomery, as we studied "Prayer and Missions," and not feel the wonderful power of prayer in the world and in our lives

The missionary speakers from the different countries, as they told of the work accomplished and how the lives of so many have been changed by the contact with men and women who have tried to live as Christ would have them live, also said that they have gone as far as they can unless we solve the problem of international relations. The world is demanding a new Christianity, the Christianity of Jesus.

The pageant on Monday evening was a Service of World Fellowship—God the Creator of the Universe and the Father of all Nations—a grouping of representatives from all nations encircled by a group of young women dressed in white expressing Christ's message to the world and his challenge to youth.

I can not close without a word of the Dedication Service. Six young women who have appointments to Japan, China, India, Costa Rica and Siam dedicated themselves to their chosen work. Our own Miss Bowen was among them.

Our Denominational Rally was held in the parlor of East Hall, Thursday afternoon. We had twenty-five girls in Camp Murray, Miss Georgene Bowen, leader. Seventeen women attended the Foreign Missions Conference, making a total of forty-two in all.

Miss Mary Peacock, hostess of Gould Hall, gave a word of welcome.

Mrs. Montgomery also had a word of greeting.

Mrs. Blackford led the devotional service.

Miss Rich spoke for our Clara Barton Guilds. We have seventy Guilds with a total membership of 800.

Miss Enbom told of our literature on South America, and of other helps.

Greetings were given by delegates from New York, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Camp Murray.

Miss Bowen touched all our hearts as she told of the work she had done with girls in this country and of her decision to go to Japan to work with and for girls there. She sails next month.

Mrs. Folsom spoke of the needs in Japan.

The meeting was closed with prayer by Mrs. Folsom.

Camp Murray had its usual picnic. This year Camp Friendly enjoyed the picnic with us as our guests. A Miss Jones, a missionary to Syria, told us of her work there in the schools.

The 7.30 a. m. devotional services of Camp Murray were helpful and inspiring.

Tuesday evening we all met in Mrs. Folsom's room and presented Miss Bowen with a gift which we hope will help her in various ways as she goes to her new field of labor.

If we can go back to our several homes with the messages that we have had impressed on our hearts at Northfield and give expression to them in our Circles and churches, with God's help, new enthusiasm should be created for our work.

Addie Champlin.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

From Power to Power. The success of the earlier institutes this year must inevitably increase the attendance at Murray Grove. Our people are becoming impressed with the fact that our educational work is important and that they can not afford to miss their share. The State Associations in the vicinity of Murray Grove are doing their utmost to secure a worthy company of students.

Rev. A. W. Beaven, D. D., Pastor of the Lake Ave. Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y. One of the Most Inspiring Speakers on Religious Education. He will give the final address at our Syracuse Convention.

* *

GLORIOUS GALESBURG

All attendants speak in glowing terms of the institute at Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill. A lady who always weighs her words reports: "The Lombard institute was a *real* success. There was a good attendance of genuine Sunday school teachers and officers, including two pastors, and all of them anxious to work hard. The credit system is the thing. That holds them and makes them want to stay through all the courses possible. The personality and teaching ability of Miss Slaughter helped to make the entire institute delightful and profitable."

The registration reached a total of thirty, not including the faculty. Four students came from Iowa, one from Indiana and the rest from Illinois. One visitor was present from Missouri, presumably to be shown. There was a complete church school personnel, three pastors, one pastor's assistant, four superintendents, one chorister, one treasurer, one secretary, one registrar, one Home Department superintendent, two primary superintendents, five primary teachers, three junior teachers, one intermediate teacher, one senior teacher, four adult teachers and three students.

So the Galesburg "experiment" becomes an established fact. The Lombard institute for 1926 will be larger still and even more profitable.

* *

DOWN ON THE CAPE

Rev. W. W. Rose is the highly successful summer pastor at Provincetown, and every year our president preaches there for a few preliminary services. There is no duplicate of Provincetown in the world. Situated on the tip end of Cape Cod, in the sand dunes, it is strangely quaint with its narrow streets and its ancient houses huddled by the water-side; and it is marvelously beautiful with colorings that attract the artists of the world. The town has its colonies of painters and writers and actors and musicians; it has its districts of fisher-folks, mostly Portuguese; and it has its proportion of old New England families, including some "good Universalists," very fine and intelligent people. Our church building, with its Christopher Wren spire, is a notable piece of architecture, as a good many people learned from the cover on the *Literary Digest* for June twentieth. The story of the founding of the Provincetown church is told in our stereopticon talk by Mr. Simeon Smith, and it should be familiar to every child in our Sunday schools. Two little girls, wading on the beach, discovered a floating book and took it home to their parents. It proved to be a copy of the Life of John Murray and it converted enough people on the Cape to form a church.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Theresa Homet Patterson has contributed another charming article to the *California Southland* on "An Italian Garden in Pasadena," which appears in the July issue.

Dr. John Murray Atwood preached at Liberty and Horton, Mich., July 19, following the Y. P. C. U. Convention in Detroit.

On Sept. 1 Miss Georgene E. Bowen sails for Japan, where she will take up her work in the Blackmer Home. Mail addressed as follows will reach her on board the steamer: S. S. "Taiyo Maru," Toyo Kisen Kaisha, 551 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clarence Lee of Gloucester have announced the engagement of their daughter Constance to Geoffrey Travers Butler of Tasmania.

Illinois

Morrison.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove spent the last week of his vacation here and preached to a good audience in the home of Mrs. Fellows.

North Carolina

Kinston.—Rev. George Wood, pastor. The annual meeting was held Aug. 5, in the library, when fifty-two members and friends sat down to a chicken supper and enjoyed a pleasant and profitable evening. Reports showed finances in sound condition, while the pledges received represented a considerable increase over previous years. Twenty new members have been received during the year, eighteen since March 1, when Mr. Wood took charge of the church. The average attendance of the school was twenty-eight, with eleven new scholars for the year. An average of nine in attendance was reported for the Clara Barton Guild, while the Mission Circle showed an average attendance of six, a gain of one over last year. The State Convention meets with this church Aug. 27 to 30.

Vermont

Washington.—Rev. C. A. Simmons, pastor. Mr. Simmons and family returned to their home on July 31, after a month's vacation spent with friends and relatives in Albion, Medina and Rochester, N. Y. Services were resumed on Sunday, Aug. 2, when an excellent congregation greeted the pastor. The two infant daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Downing were christened at this time.

* *

AMERICAN SEMINAR

The American Seminar conducted in Europe by Sherwood Eddy has had unusually successful sessions in London this year. They have been addressed by Arthur Greenwood, Harold Laski, J. H. Oldham, Lord Eustace Percy, Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson, G. K. Chesterton, Philip Kerr, Norman Angell, Frank Hodges and others. The party is now in Berlin and will proceed to Geneva and Paris. Dr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Benton of Philadelphia are representing the Universalist Church at the sessions of this seminar. The stenographic report of the principal lectures is being made and will be sold to a limited group at $4.50 per copy. Those desiring copies should write to R. W. Abernethy, 3 Rue General Dufour, Geneva, Switzerland.

* *

INDIANA MEETING

The annual all day meeting at Delos H. Thompson Home for Aged Women on July 26 was an enjoyable occasion.

Pleasant Valley, Galveston, Indianapolis, Oaklandon, Pendleton, Anderson, Muncie and Manchester were all represented. The sermons by Rev. George Cross Baner of Akron, Ohio, were greatly enjoyed, as was also the address of Rev. Arthur McDavitt of Muncie on "Thompson Home."

Following this address an offering of $108.95 was taken for the Home.

The special music was much appreciated. Mrs. Jessie Langlais of Indianapolis sang. A juvenile singer, Quenten Lee Luther of Adams, gave a flag salute and flag song. Mrs. Marguerite Grouleff, of Greensburg, sang her latest composition, entitled, "A Beautiful Day," with violin obligato by her son, Carl Grouleff. Rev. C. B. Atkinson, a local Baptist minister, participated in the services.

The Home is one of the Indiana Convention's most worthy enterprises, ably presided over by Mrs. Della Beagle, matron and M. A. Beagle, superintendent.

P. M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1925

Previously reported	1,795
Lower Salem, Ohio	3
Total	1,798

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 720. Washington, Vt., 2. Little Hocking, O., 1. Total, 723.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 27)

whit impaired by accepting the historical interpretation of conscience." One's conscience he regards as the sanction one's whole being gives to the values one perceives: "My conscience is no more, and no less, fallible than my judgment of the values of life." Again, he speaks of good-will in its bearing on virtue, and makes some wise comments on the relation of the various ethical codes of the various civilizations to the code of the individual. In conclusion he tackles two problems of religion and philosophy, which bear considerably on the field of ethics, the problem of freedom and the problem of evil, both of which he treats with a vigor and an insight rarely equaled. Indeed, his treatment far surpasses the treatment given in any of the three introductions to philosophy reviewed two weeks ago. Concerning freedom of the will he says quite frankly that he is a determinist, believing that nothing in conduct is "blind or a matter of choice." He defends his thesis and shows the weaknesses in the position of indeterminists, shows how the whole self is concerned in choice, distinguishes between fatalism and determinism, and argues that moral interests are compatible with determinism and incompatible with indeterminism. It is an effective and a convincing treatment. Equally incisive is his examination of the problem of evil. He points out that there would be no problem of evil if we did not believe in an omnipotent God who subscribes to our particular scale of values. He will not accept the orthodox view that what we think is evil is somehow truly good, nor will he accept the view of a limited God. He simply affirms that human values, while "they constitute a part of the real ends of the universe . . . are not all the ends, nor can we affirm that they are the most important of them." The last section of the book treats of ethics and religion, and the closing sentences are worth quoting: "What morality requires, religion reinterprets and inspires with its own quickening spirit. So every moment of delight in nature and of joy in fellowship with our kind, every triumph of the higher over the lower impulse, every insight of the intelligence, and every forward struggle of the race, is a part of the meaning of religion. These are expressions of the all-pervading Power. He who does not find God here is in danger of finding Him nowhere."

With next week's reviews we shall enter a new field, the field of science, a much disputed field of late, but we shall find that science and philosophy are related at a multiplicity of points. We have examined three introductions to philosophy, we have studied at length an important contribution to contemporary thought, we have noted the contents of two little books on idealism, and we have perused an interesting and valuable treatise on ethics. Most strikingly we have witnessed the strength of the human impulse to ponder on the great questions of the nature of the world and the destiny of the race. Next week we shall see if science has any answers to these enduring problems.

Notices

SUMMER SERVICES AT OXFORD, MASS.

The oldest Universalist meeting-house in the world, the church where Ballou was ordained, where Murray and Winchester preached, where Clara Barton attended, is now open each Sunday. The resident minister for the summer is Rev. Dwight A. Ball of Somerville, Mass. Universalists from everywhere are most cordially invited.

* *

VISITATION DAYS IN MAINE

August 23

Mattawamkeag, 10.30 a. m. Speaker, Rev. Wenonah Stevens Abbott. Services in the Methodist building, near center of the village.

Leeds, 11 a. m. Speaker to be announced. Church at top of hill on road running west from Leeds Center.

Bryant Pond, 11 a. m. All day grove meeting under auspices of Oxford County Y. P. C. U. Speakers to be announced. Grove, where services will be held if weather permits, on shore of the pond near center of village.

August 30

West Sumner, 10.30 a. m. Speaker, Rev. Chester Gore Miller. Take road leading east from Trap Corner on Portland-Bethel State Road, to West Sumner village.

Greenville, 2 p. m. Speaker, Dr. Ashley A. Smith. Chapel on road between Greenville and Greenville Junction, near center of former village. Picnic lunch at one o'clock.

* *

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO LANGDON, N. H.

The date of the Pilgrimage Service in the old meeting-house at Langdon, N. H., has been changed from Aug. 30 as announced, to Aug. 23. An all day service with free luncheon at noon. All welcome to this inspirational service.

S. A. Porter.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

39th Annual Session, July 18-Sept. 7

Resident pastor, Rev. Helene Ulrich.

Reservations in charge of Miss Mary Gabell 4729 Hazel avenue, Philadelphia. After July 15, Forked River, P. O., New Jersey.

The preachers at the Sunday morning services are as follows:

August 23, Rev. W. J. Metz.

August 30, Rev. J. M. Atwood, D. D.

September 6, Rev. Hal T. Kearns and Rev. G. H. Welch.

Services every Friday evening in the Waretown church.

The week of Aug. 16 will be devoted to general denominational matters in charge of Dr. John Smith Lowe, with speakers at the morning sessions as follows:

Monday, Rev. Stanard D. Butler; Tuesday Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson; D. D., Wednesday, Rev. George D. Walker, D. D.; Thursday, Rev. I. V Lobdell; Friday, Rev. R. H. McLaughlin.

The week beginning Aug. 24, Women's Missionary Institute. Faculty: Mrs. Milo G. Folsom and Miss Jennie Lois Ellis.

The week beginning Aug. 31, Sunday School Institute. Faculty: Prof. Bruce W. Brotherston, Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D., Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, Mrs. Janet H. Blackford.

Sept. 5 to 7 inclusive, Young People's Christian Union Institute. Faculty: Rev. Hal T. Kearns and Miss Ruth Owens.

There will be ample opportunity for rest and general recreation, including tennis, croquet, bathing and sailing.

* *

FERRY BEACH

The Institutes

The Ferry Beach Park Association announces its season for 1925 to extend from July 31 to Sept. 1. There will be four Institutes as follows:

Missionary—Aug. 15-21. Under direction of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Maine Sunday School Girls—Aug. 25 to Sept. 1. Under direction of the Girls' Division of the Interdenominational State of Maine Sunday School Association.

Each Institute officially opens on the afternoon of the first date given above.

For reservations address Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, Secretary of the Ferry Beach Park Association, 43 Berkeley St., Springfield, Mass.

* *

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTES FOR 1925

Murray Grove, N, J., Aug. 30-Sept. 5.
Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 17-20.

General Sunday School Association.
176 *Newbury St., Boston.*

* *

NORTH CAROLINA STATE CONVENTION

The twentieth annual session of the North Carolina State Convention will be held in the Church of the Eternal Hope, Kinston, Aug. 27-30. Thursday's program will begin at 7.30 p. m. with addresses of welcome from the church, community and city churches. A strong program has been prepared with some fine speakers and preachers. The delegates will convene at 9.30 a. m. on the 28th. The Convention officers will make their reports. New officers will be elected, and any other business transacted that may legally come before this meeting.

J. R. Miller, Secretary-Treasurer.

* *

UNIVERSALIST GENERAL CONVENTION

Syracuse, New York, Oct. 21-25, 1925

The biennial session of the Universalist General Convention will be held in the First Universalist Church, Syracuse, New York, beginning Wednesday, October 21, 1925, for the receiving of reports and the transaction of such business as may legally come before the Convention.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

HOTELS AT SYRACUSE

With the publication of the list of hotels offered by the Convention Committee for the General Convention at Syracuse, our people will begin to move actively in the matter.

Three other conventions will be in Syracuse at the same time. It therefore is important for delegates to make reservations.

Syracuse Hotels

Hotel Syracuse. Shower bath, single, $3; double, $4. Tub bath, single, $4; double, $5.

The Onondaga. Without bath, single, $2; double, $3.50. With bath, single, $3; double, $5.

The Yates. Without bath, single, $2; double, $3.50. With bath, single, $2.75; double, $4.

Hotel Truax. Without bath, single, $2; double, $3. With bath, single, $3; double, $4.

The Mizpah. Without bath, single, $1.50 up; double, $2.75 up. With bath, single, $2.50; double, $3 up.

The New Jefferson. Without bath, single, $2; double, $3. With bath, single, $2.50; double, $4.

Hotel Seymour. Without bath, single, $1.50; double, $2.50. With bath, single, $2.50; double, $3.50.

New Hotel Winchester. Without bath, single, $1.50; double, $2.50 up. With bath, single, $2.50; double, $4.

Hotel Howard. Without bath, single, $1.50; double, $2. With bath, single, $2; double, $3.50.

Empire Hotel. One dollar and a quarter per person, per night. Accommodations for 150.

Hotel St. Cloud. Without bath, single, $1.50 up; double, $3. With bath, single, $2.50; double, $4.

Y. M. C. A. $1.25, $1.50 per day per person. Double rooms, $2.50.

Y. W. C. A. $1.50 per night. $10 per week (single). $1.25 per night. $8 per week (double).

The LaFayette. $1.50 per person. Double room, $2, $3.50.

The Wolcott. $2 per person. Double room, $3.

The above list of hotels represents nearly three thousand rooms. The first seven represent two thousand rooms, and all are within four blocks of the First Universalist Church. The whole fifteen hotels are within six blocks of the church. Convention headquarters will be at the church. The best service will be rendered if all hotel reservations are made through our committee. Syracuse is a convention city. October is a convention month. Reservations should be made as soon as possible in order to insure comfort. Address all communications to

Hotel Committee,
First Universalist Church,
Syracuse, New York.

We are thoroughly organized, and if those who write for reservations will be *specific* and *accurate* our committee will attend to the rest of the necessary details.

* *

OFFICIAL CALL

The forty-fifth Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association will be held in the First Universalist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1925, for the receiving of reports for the two years past, the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Mrs W. R. Corlett,
Recording Secretary.

* *

RECREATION CONGRESS

The Use of Leisure is Life! Attend the Twelfth National Recreation Congress, Asheville, N. C., Oct. 5-10, 1925.

Learn how community recreation builds health, forms character, prevents crime, promotes happiness, trains citizens.

What are you and your town doing? Come tell us.

What are others and their towns doing? Come ask them.

Apply to Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 4th Ave., New York, for further information and to enroll.

* *

MINISTERS AVAILABLE FOR SERVICES

Knowing that every summer there are numerous calls at Headquarters in Boston for the services of Universalist ministers, the Superintendent of Massachusetts has ascertained that the following ministers will be in or near Boston for all or the greater part of July and August:

Rev. Roger F. Etz.
Rev. Samuel G. Ayres, D. D.
Rev. U. S. Milburn.
Rev. Harry L. Thornton.
Rev. Clarence J. Cowing.
Rev. Francis W. Sprague.
Rev. Charles E. Clark, D. D.
Rev. Howard Charles Gale.
Rev. W. S. Perkins, D. D.
Rev. W. F. Dusseault.
Rev. George W. Colson.
Rev. John Vannevar, D. D.

The office of the State Superintendent will be open all summer, ready to make arrangements for reaching any of the above ministers, or others.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $7.00 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Rev. Charles W. Wendte Jan26
The Universalist Ministry

Crackling

"Tell me," said Prunella, whose husband always takes the paper with him in the morning, "did Gutzon Borglum ever get out of that cave the dogs were taking the serum to?"—*New York World.*

* *

Prof.: "What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"

Ferdie Frosh: "The book says that after his exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement."—*Brown Jug.*

* *

Bystander: "They're fightin' 'cause Bill said Alf's wife was cross-eyed."

"But Alf's a bachelor, ain't he?"

"Yes, but the principle is wot made Alf wild."—*London Opinion.*

* *

"You are only marrying me because I have inherited a house from my aunt."

"Oh, no; it would have been just the same if you had inherited it from any one else!"—*Exchange.*

* *

Mistress: "Who broke that china jug?"

Maid: "The cat, mum."

Mistress: "What cat?"

Maid: "Why, ain't we got one?"—*Moonshine.*

* *

Author: "So you like my article. What part do you particularly like?"

She: "O,h I think those quotations from Byron are simply splendid."—*Jester.*

* *

Miss Wither: "Yes, father has always given me a book for my birthday."

Friend: "My, what a wonderful library you must have."—*Chicago Phoenix.*

* *

Dorothy: "I've looked all through this Mother Goose book, but I can't find that poem about 'Little Bo-Peep Has Lost Her Sheik.' "—*Life.*

* *

"Dolly, what did you learn in school to-day?"

"I learned the name of the boy who moved next door, mama."—*Detroit News.*

* *

She: "Is that a popular song he is singing?"

He: "It was before he began singing it."—*Irish World.*

* *

Wife: "Are you the fellah that rescued him?"

"Yes—but that's all right, ma'am."

"All right! Where's his necktie?"—*Judge.*

* *

It must be remembered, however, that the good intentions used in paving hell are the ones discarded up here.—*Associated Editors.*

* *

Movie Actor: "I must rescue that girl! Where's my double?"—*Judge.*

* *

Many a true word has been spoken between false teeth.—*Denver Parrakeet.*

Some Universalist Books

Billy Sunday. The man and method. By F. W. Betts, D. D. 25 cents.

A Brief History of the Universalist Church. For young people. By L. B. Fisher, D. D. 40 cents.

Christian Mysticism and other Essays. By Harry L. Haywood, with portrait. 50 cents.

A California Pilgrimage. A souvenir of the United Universalist Conventions, 1915. By F. A. Bisbee, D. D. Profusely illustrated. 50 cents.

A Commentary on the New Testament. The Universalist interpretation. By L. R. Paige, D. D. 6 vols. $3.60.

Did Jesus Mean It? By Frank D. Adams, D. D. $1.00.

Faith with Power. The life story of Q. H. Shinn, D. D. By Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin. Illustrated. $1.00.

From Good Luck to Gloucester. The complete story of the great anniversary celebration at Gloucester. A beautiful memorial volume of four hundred pages and more than fifty illustrations. Edited by F. A. Bisbee, D. D. $2.00.

The Goodness of God. In view of the facts of nature and the supernatural. By George T. Knight, D. D. 50 cents.

An Honorable Youth. A helpful and practical book to place in the hands of any young man on the threshold of life. By J. C. Adams, D. D. 75 cents.

Hosea Ballou and the Gospel. By J. C. Adams, D. D. Bound in leather with full page portrait of Dr. Ballou. 50 cents.

Human Destiny as Conditioned by Free Will. A discussion by Lyman Abbott, Eric Waterhouse and Wm. G. Tousey. 30 cents.

John Murray. The Cornerstone of theUniversalist Church. The Life of Murray, by Irene C. Rees. Introduction by F. O. Hall, D. D. Illustrated. $1.00.

A Layman's Religion. By Roger Sherman Galer. $1.00.

Levi Moore Powers. A memorial. $1.00.

Light and Peace. A book of prayers. By C. H. Leonard, D. D. Cloth, 75 cents. Leather, $1.00.

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